

FULL
68 PAGES

AMAZING STORIES



NE
52

Sinister TALES 1½

CHILLS!
GASPS!

"The
HUNDRED-
YEAR
WITCH!"
"THE
KING'S
COMING
UP!"
...and other
SUSPENSE-
STORIES!



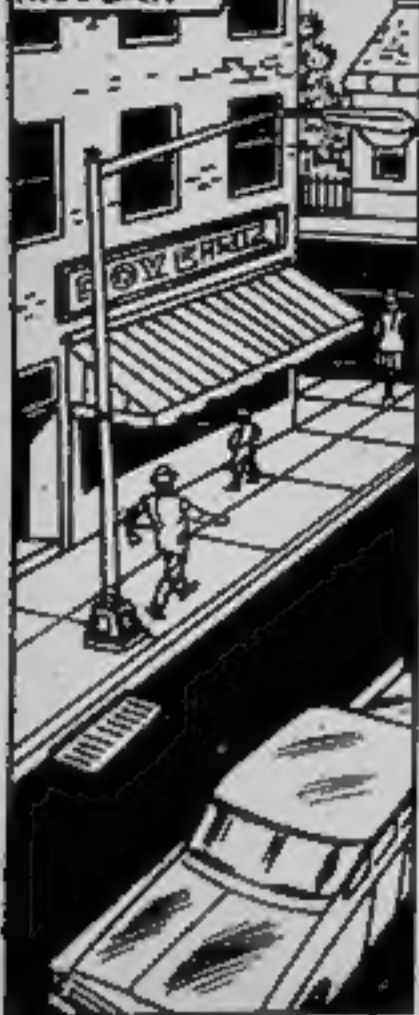
GHOSTS AND GOBLINS --- YOU'VE MET EVERY VARIETY OF THEM IN THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE. NOW GET SET FOR A NEW THRILL --- A NEW KIND OF SPIRIT! IT'S ---

The HUNDRED-YEAR WITCH!



STORY: ZEV ZIMMER
ART: CHIC STONE

THIS IS BRADWAY, MASSACHUSETTS. JUST A NORMAL SMALLER COMMUNITY, AS HUMDRUM AS IT'S MODERN---



IT COULD BE ANY ONE OF 10,000 TOWNS, COMPLETE WITH SUPERMARKET AND AVERAGE PEOPLE. OBVIOUSLY, NOTHING EVER HAPPENED HERE---



AT NIGHT, FOLKS WENT OUT TO BOWL---



AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE HAD THEIR OWN OCCUPATIONS --- VERY USUAL ONES---







OH, YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE THAT IT WASN'T I! IT--IT MUST HAVE BEEN SATAN HIMSELF WHO ALLOWED THE WITCH TO ASSUME MY APPEARANCE. BUT I'M INNOCENT, I SWEAR IT--**INNOCENT!**



I---I KNOW ONLY WHAT I MYSELF SAW. DESPITE WHAT WE HAVE BEEN TO EACH OTHER, I MUST FIND YOU **GUILTY**, MARIAN WILDING---AND SENTENCE YOU TO BE **HANGED!**



THERE WAS A HYSTERIA ABOUT WITCHES IN THOSE DAYS---WHICH IS WHY YOUR ANCESTOR, RICHARD GOODING, MUST HAVE **IMAGINED** WHAT HE THOUGHT HE SAW. AND THAT POOR, INNOCENT GIRL DIED FOR IT. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK **YOU'RE** GOING TO DIE---ON MARCH 13TH?



IT'S THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DATE ON WHICH SHE WAS HANGED. TELL ME, MR. CARROLL---HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A **HUNDRED-YEAR WITCH?**



LET'S SEE---SEEMS TO ME I'VE READ SOMETHING ON THAT ORDER---ABOUT EVIL SPIRITS WHO HAD BEEN EXECUTED RETURNING ONCE EVERY 100 YEARS ON THE ANNIVERSARIES OF THEIR DEATHS. IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?



YES---BUT IT'S **WHY** THEY RETURN THAT WORRIES ME. IT'S FOR **VENGEANCE**, BELIEVE ME. AND I CAN PROVE IT---I'M NOT JUST AN HYSTERICAL OLD MAN.

"ON MARCH 13TH, 1665, SHE WAS HANGED. AND ON MARCH 13TH, 1765, ANOTHER OF MY ANCESTORS, ANDREW GOODING, WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED---"

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS HEART FAILURE---BUT HIS NECK IS BROKEN AS IF HE'D BEEN **HANGED!**



THE DATE WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE. IF A PROPER INVESTIGATION HAD BEEN MADE, THEY'D PROBABLY HAVE FOUND OUT THAT A ROBBER WAS RESPONSIBLE.



"THE CIVIL WAR WAS NEARING ITS CLOSE WHEN THE BODY OF MAJOR JOHN GOODING WAS RETURNED TO CAMP..."

WHATEVER HAPPENED?

HE MUST HAVE BEEN WAYLAID AND HANGED BY ENEMY DESERTERS. HIS NECK'S BROKEN---

MAYBE---BUT HOW ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED EXACTLY A HUNDRED YEARS LATER, IN 1865?



I SEE. AND NOW THAT MARCH 13TH, 1965, IS APPROACHING... ANOTHER HUNDRED YEAR ANNIVERSARY... YOU FEEL THAT YOU ARE MARKED FOR DEATH, IS THAT IT? JUST BECAUSE OF A STRING OF COINCIDENCES. RIDICULOUS, MAN!



RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING... IN THIS OLD BOOK...

HERE... HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF HER, DRAWN BY AN ARTIST OF THE TIME.

PRETTY, BUT WHAT DOES IT PROVE?



NOTHING, UNTIL YOU SEE THIS PHOTO I SNAPPED... OF A GIRL WHO JUST ARRIVED IN BRADWAY A FEW DAYS AGO. I'M TELLING YOU SHE'S WAITING UNTIL MARCH 13TH, WHEN SHE'LL STRIKE AGAIN... AND AS THE ONLY LIVING DESCENDANT OF THE GOODINGS, I'M MARKED FOR HER NEXT VICTIM!



HMMM... LOOK, I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THIS. BUT I'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO KEEP ON TALKING ABOUT COINCIDENCES WHEN A HUMAN LIFE IS INVOLVED!

THIS IS AN INTERESTING STRING OF CIRCUMSTANCES... SO INTERESTING THAT I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE THE MATTER PERSONALLY. I'LL GO BACK TO BRADWAY WITH YOU, PREPARED FOR ANYTHING. AND I'LL STAY WITH YOU. TAKE MY WORD, I'LL SEE THAT COME WHAT MAY, YOU'LL BE PROTECTED!



BRADWAY, MASSACHUSETTS...

THERE SHE IS... THAT'S THE GIRL...

SHE IS THE IMAGE OF THAT OLD DRAWING OF MARIAN WILDING. BUT DON'T WORRY... FROM HERE ON IN, I'M TAKING OVER!



HE HAD TO INVESTIGATE HER AND COULDN'T AFFORD TO DAWDLE OVER IT...

PARDON, BUT DO YOU MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

I MOST CERTAINLY DO. I DON'T KNOW YOU.





IT WAS NO TIME FOR SHILLY-SHALLYING...HE CAME DIRECTLY TO THE POINT...

MY NAME'S TED CARROLL, CURATOR OF THE INSTITUTE FOR PSYCHIC RESEARCH... AND YOU'RE UNDER SUSPICION OF BEING A WITCH!

YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY, MR. CARROLL... DO SIT DOWN. MY NAME'S MARIAN WILDING!



MARIAN WILDING! BUT THAT'S THE NAME...

YES, I KNOW...THE NAME OF A POOR SOUL WHO WAS EXECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT IN THIS VERY TOWN 3 CENTURIES AGO. I'VE GOT GOOD REASON TO KNOW IT...I'M DESCENDED FROM HER!



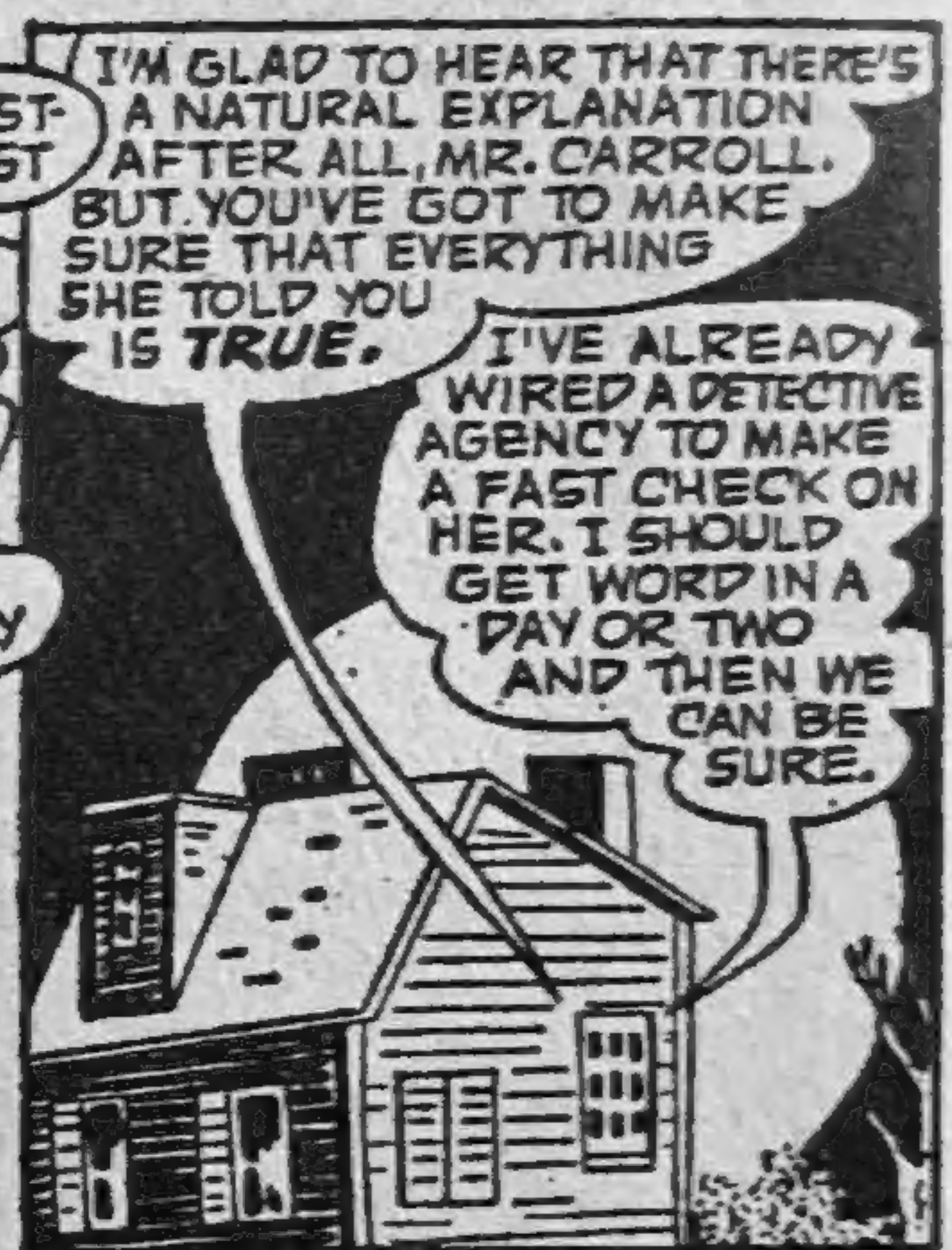
YOU SEE, THE ORIGINAL MARIAN WILDING WAS A YOUNG WIDOW WITH A LITTLE SON AT THE TIME OF HER EXECUTION. THE SON LIVED ON...WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR ME 300 YEARS LATER.

THANKS FOR EXPLAINING IT... NOT THAT THE EXPLANATION WAS REALLY NEEDED. YOU'RE THE MOST UNWITCHLIKE PERSON I'VE EVER MET...EVEN THOUGH I'VE GOT TO SAY YOU ARE BEWITCHING!



WHAT DO YOU DO, IF YOU'RE NOT A WITCH... AND HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO COME UP HERE?

I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NOTHING AS INTERESTING AS A WITCH. JUST A PLAIN LITTLE STENOGRAPHER ON VACATION, HERE FOR THE WINTER SPORTS. AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A WONDERFUL IDEA TO COME UP TO THE PLACE WHERE MY FAMILY ORIGINALLY HAILED FROM.



I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT THERE'S A NATURAL EXPLANATION AFTER ALL, MR. CARROLL. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT EVERYTHING SHE TOLD YOU IS TRUE.

I'VE ALREADY WIRED A DETECTIVE AGENCY TO MAKE A FAST CHECK ON HER. I SHOULD GET WORD IN A DAY OR TWO AND THEN WE CAN BE SURE.



MEANWHILE, HE HAD A DATE WITH MARIAN FOR SKIING. HE CALLED IT INVESTIGATION... BUT IT WASN'T ENTIRELY THAT...

WHEEE-EEEE! GOLLY, THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, MARIAN!



AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THERE WAS BOBSLEDDING...


I'M S-SCARED... BUT HAPPY!

JUST AS LONG AS YOU'RE HAVING FUN, KID!




I'M SCARED THAT I'LL OPEN MY EYES AND FIND OUT YOU'VE JUST BEEN A DREAM. OH, THAT WOULD BE AWFUL, TED!







I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME NOW, MR. GOODING --- I'VE GOT A HONEYMOON TO ARRANGE FOR. OBVIOUSLY, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO FEAR FROM MY BRIDE-TO-BE.



BUT THERE MAY BE DANGER FROM SOME OTHER SOURCE! TOMORROW'S MARCH 13TH... THE FATAL 300TH ANNIVERSARY. IF---IF ANYTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN, IT'LL HAPPEN THEN, AND I'M TERROR-STRICKEN AT THE THOUGHT!



PLEASE, STAY UNTIL THAT DAY PASSES. ALL RIGHT, THE GIRL'S INNOCENT AND NO MENACE, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW FROM WHERE THE **REAL** MENACE WILL STRIKE!



OKAY, I'LL STAY THROUGH TOMORROW. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I'LL HAVE A WEAPON ALL SET AND READY TO USE THAT'S SURE DEATH ON WITCHES! BUT DON'T WORRY--- THERE WON'T BE ANY REASON TO USE IT!



I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD. MARIAN... MY MARIAN... THE LOVELIEST, SWEETEST KID IN ALL THE WORLD... AND **MINE!**

HAPPILY, HE DRIFTED INTO SLEEP. HE DIDN'T HEAR THE OLD CLOCK TOLLING OUT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT---ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF **MARCH 13TH, 1965!**



BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!



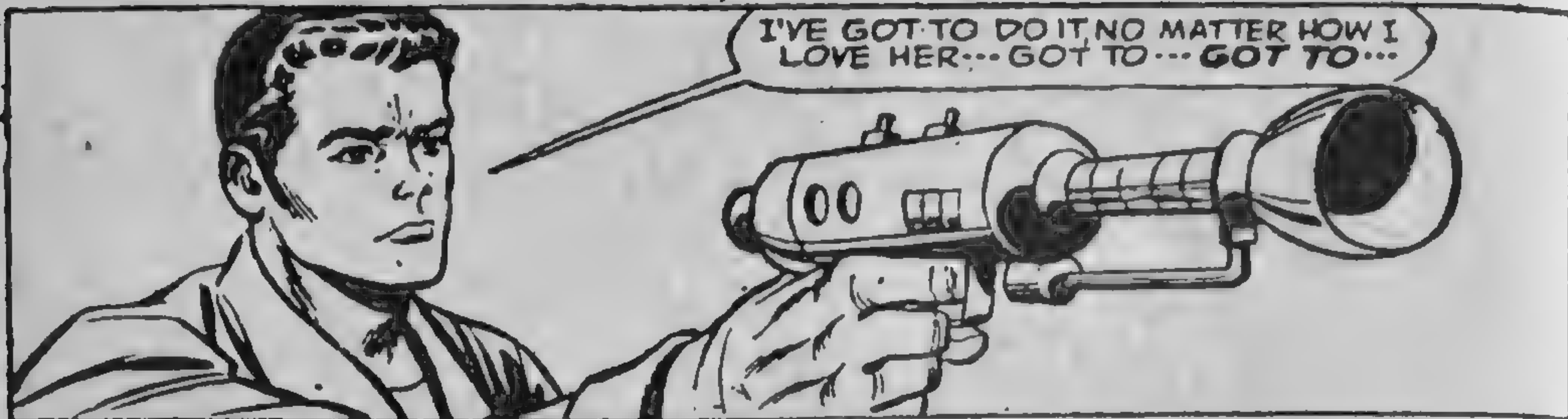

NO, NO! K-KEEP AWAY...



EEE-EEEEE!

WHAT THE --- IT'S MR. GOODING!





TIGE CONNERS HAD A SPECIAL GAME, AND HE PLAYED IT WITH CRUELTY AND EVIL. HE NEVER DREAMED WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN HE SAID...

7/6 KING'S COMING UP!



STORY: KURATO OSAKI

ART: HY EISMAN

HE WASN'T ALWAYS TIGE CONNERS. ONCE HE WAS JUST AL CONNERS, A LONELY AND EMBITTERED SMALLTOWN MILLHAND...

WORKING MY LIFE AWAY... FOR WHAT? LOW WAGES AND LONG HOURS... NOBODY KNOWS WHO I AM OR EVER WILL...



EACH NIGHT, WHEN HE'D RETURN TO HIS BLEAK ROOM, HE HAD BUT ONE DIVERSION... SOLITAIRE...

HOPE MY FAVORITE CARD TURNS UP QUICK... IT'LL BE A SIGN OF LUCK.



THERE IT IS...MY BLACK KING! IT STANDS FOR ME...SOMEDAY I'LL BE A KING, TOO, BUT I'LL NEVER DO IT AROUND HERE!



THE IDEA BECAME AN OBSESSION...WHICH IS WHY HE LEFT HIS SMALL TOWN AND CAME TO NEW YORK...

THEY DON'T KNOW ME YET, BUT THEY'RE GOING TO. I'LL MAKE MYSELF A KING, WAIT AND SEE!



HE FOUND HIS OPPORTUNITY IN TONY AROLA'S MOB. HE HAD A GENIUS FOR THIS SORT OF THING...AND GRADUALLY, HE ROSE TOWARDS THE TOP...



LATER, HE WAS CHIEF MOURNER AT TONY'S FUNERAL. NOBODY KNEW WHO IT WAS THAT HAD FINISHED THE GANG LEADER--NOBODY BUT AL, NOW KNOWN AS TIGE--AND HE WASN'T TALKING...



THAT'S HOW HE GOT TO RULE THE GANG...WHICH HE DID WITH A HAND OF IRON...

YOU'VE SURE BEEN MAKIN' DOUGH FOR ALL OF US, BOSS. YOU OUGHT TO BE HAPPY--

I WON'T BE HAPPY AS LONG AS THERE'S A RIVAL MOB IN TOWN...GYP HOLAN'S OUTFIT! GET GYP UP HERE--I WANNA HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!



I GOT A BIGGER ORGANIZATION THAN YOU, GYP. NOW I AIN'T SUGGESTIN' ANYTHIN', BUT YOU AIN'T BEEN LOOKIN' SO WELL LATELY. YOU OUGHTA TRAVEL FOR YOUR HEALTH--AND THAT'S AN ORDER, SEE?

I GET IT --BUT I DON'T HAFTA LIKE IT!



IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT THAT THE POLICE CRACKED DOWN...

WHAT? GIMME THAT AGAIN!

YOU HEARD US, CONNERS. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE BANCROFT JEWEL JOB--WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU!

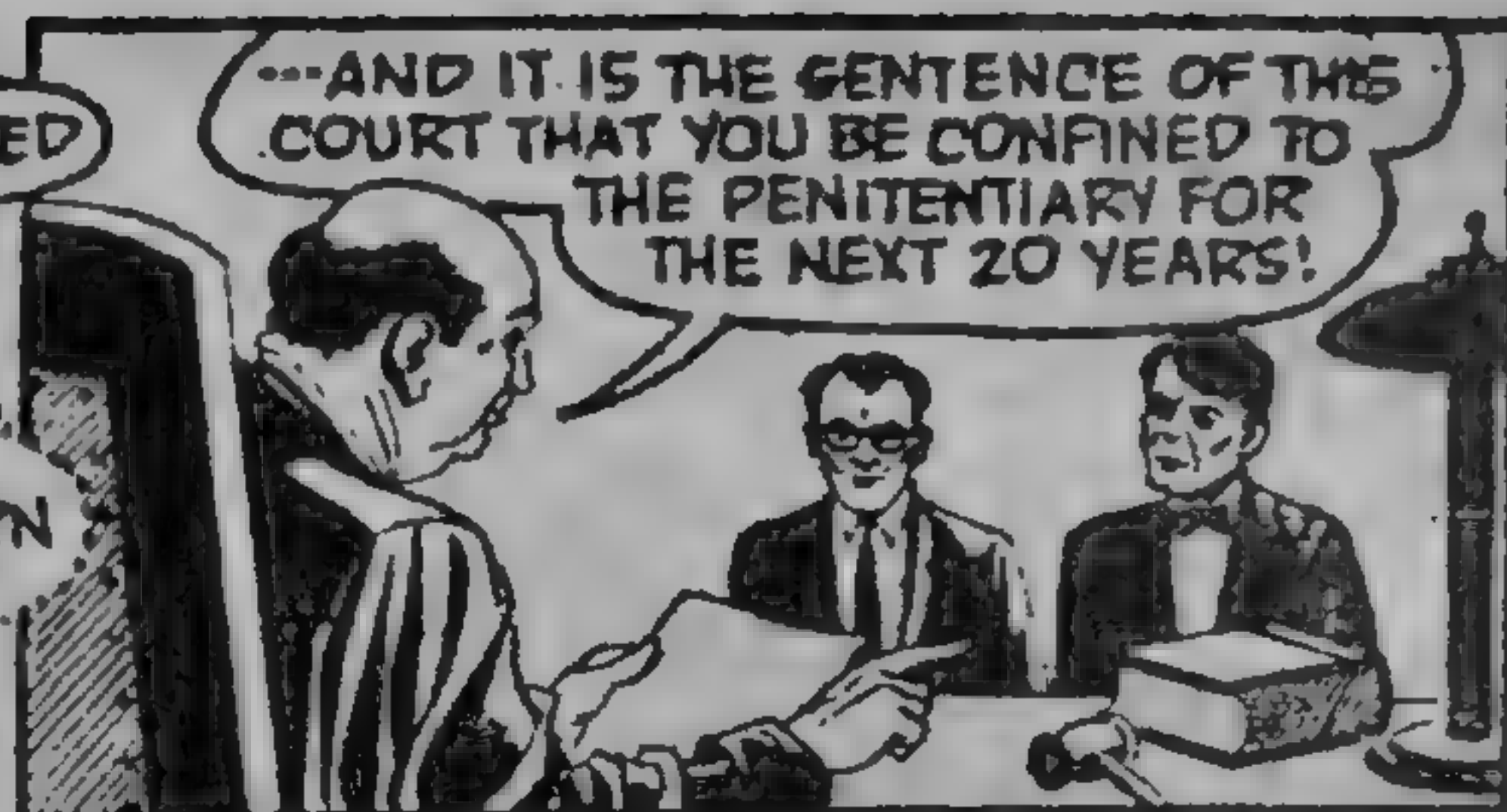




IT WAS A LAUGH TO TIGE... HIS LAWYERS HAD ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO GET HIM OUT OF TROUBLE BEFORE, AND HERE WAS A JOB THAT HE'D HAD NO CONNECTION WITH. BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE DEADLY SERIOUS...

THAT'S RIGHT... I FOUND TIGE CONNER'S MONOGRAMMED GOLD PENCIL NEXT TO THE OPEN SAFE... AND IT EVEN HAD TIGE'S FINGERPRINT ON IT.

I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT PENCIL GOT THERE. GOLDURN IT, IT LOOKS BAD FOR ME...



...AND IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT THAT YOU BE CONFINED TO THE PENITENTIARY FOR THE NEXT 20 YEARS!



JAIL WAS A SHATTERING EXPERIENCE FOR TIGE...

TO THINK THEY HAD TO GET ME FOR SOMETHING I NEVER DID! TWENTY YEARS... I'LL GO STIR-CRAZY...



NOW HE REMEMBERED THE GAME HE USED TO PLAY TO WHILE AWAY TIME...

HEY, I WONDER HOW MY OLD LUCKY CARD'S DOIN'? LET'S SEE IF IT COMES OUT QUICK... MY SIGN OF GOOD LUCK COMIN'...



THERE'S MY BLACK KING! I USETA THINK IT STOOD FOR ME... THAT IT MEANT SOMEDAY I'D BE A KING, TOO!



MAYBE I COULD STILL MAKE IT-- WHO KNOWS? BE SOME SORT OF KING, WITH EVERYBODY BOWIN' DOWN TO ME. GEE... THAT WOULD BE GREAT...



IT WAS THE SORT OF DREAM THAT BUILDS AMID A PRISON'S MISERY...

I'LL BE ON TOP YET...BUT FOR THAT, I'D HAF TA BREAK OUTA HERE. BUT WHERE COULD I GO? THERE'S NO PLACE ON EARTH WHERE THE COPS WOULDN'T KNOW MY FACE OR MY FINGERPRINTS--NO PLACE ON EARTH--



AND THEN--THE IDEA CAME TO HIM--



THAT'S IT! THEY MIGHT KNOW ME ANYWHERE ON EARTH...THEY COULD CAPTURE ME, BRING ME BACK...BUT HOW ABOUT OFF THE EARTH? HOW ABOUT...THE PLANET HESPERUS?



NOW THE WORD WENT OUT...

THE BREAK'S ON FOR MIDNIGHT, JUNE 15TH!



THAT'S RIGHT, KID! IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, LONG TIME BEFORE YA SEE ME AGAIN.



MIDNIGHT, JUNE 15TH...

SHUT UP IF YA DON'T WANNA HAPPEN TO A SUDDEN ACCIDENT!

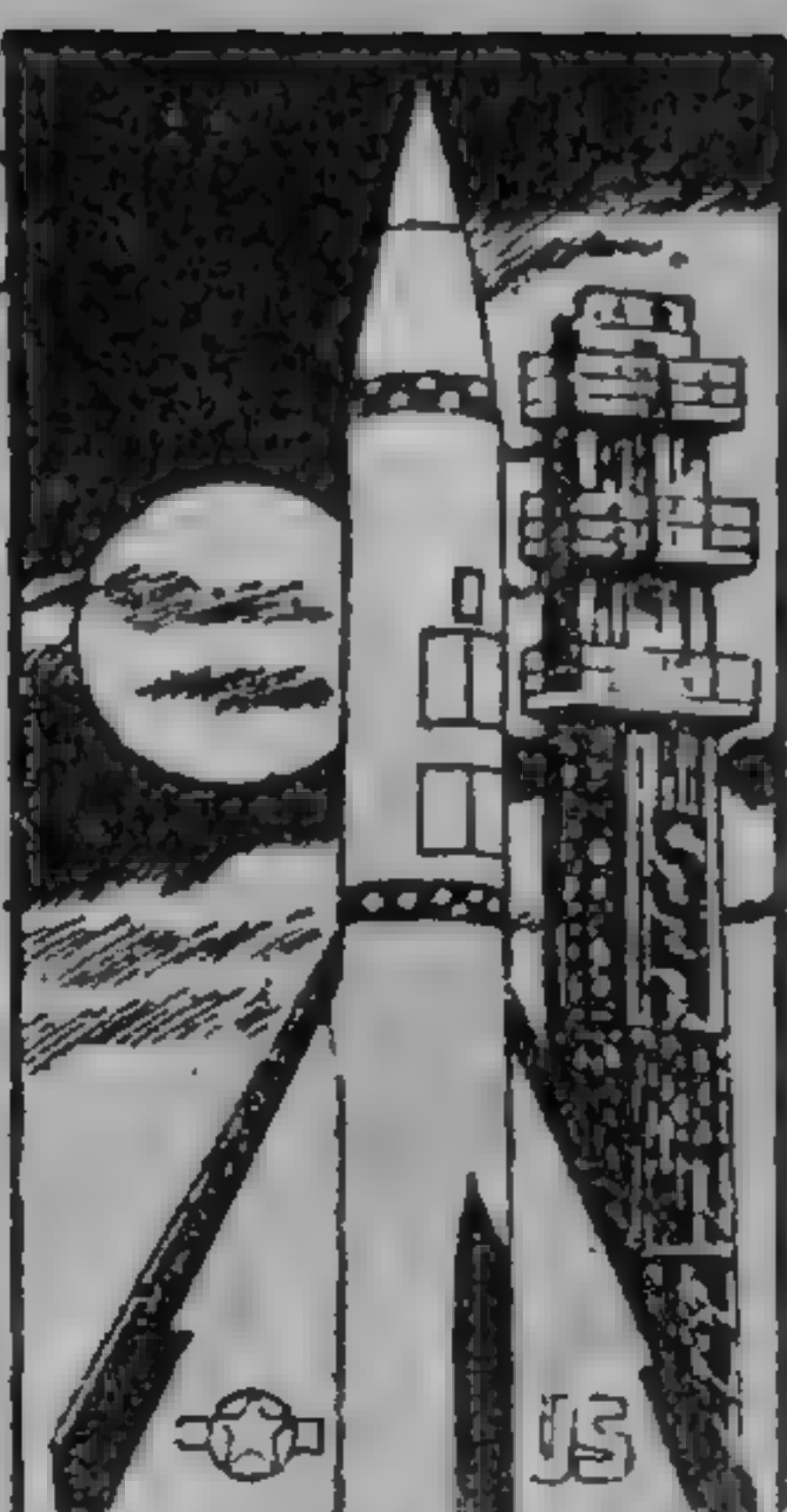


I GOT THE TRUCK WAITIN', BOSS, JUST LIKE YA SAID. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YA!

FEELS GOOD TO GET BACK IN REGULAR CLOTHES. TELL ME--YA BRING THAT GAS SETUP I ORDERED?

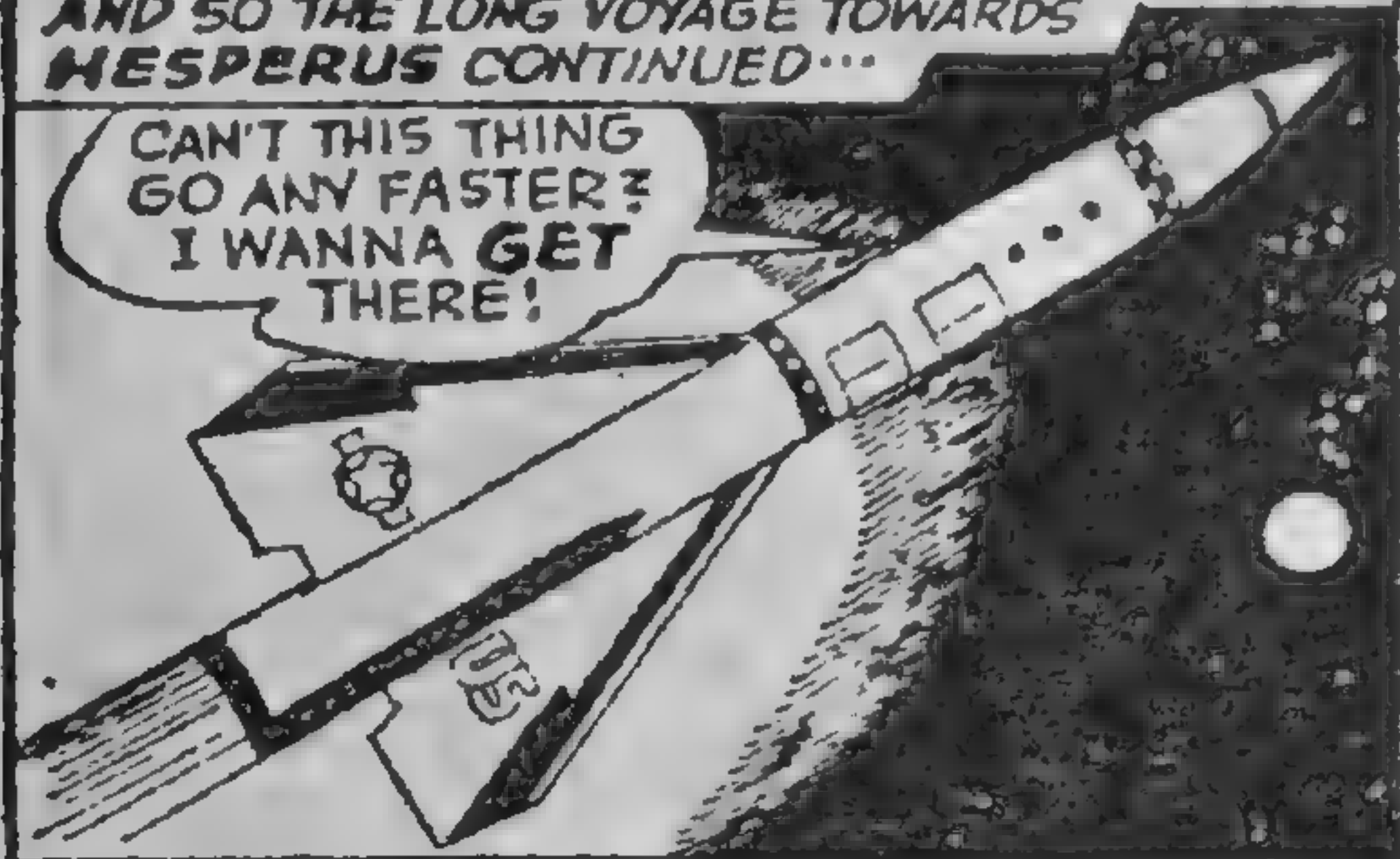
IT'S READY AND WAITIN'!





THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE ROCKET
COULD ONLY FOLLOW THESE ARMED ORDERS.
AND SO THE LONG VOYAGE TOWARDS
HESPERUS CONTINUED...

CAN'T THIS THING
GO ANY FASTER?
I WANNA GET
THERE!



FINALLY...



WELL, WELL...SO
THIS IS HESPERUS!
WE MADE IT,
FELLAS!



WE GOTTA LOOK
AROUND AND
EXPLORE. BUT
HOW ABOUT THE
OFFICERS AND
CREW?



THEY CAN'T BE
TRUSTED...AND
WE KNOW HOW
TO FLY THE
ROCKET BY
NOW. SO DO
THE USUAL!

"THE USUAL" WAS ACCOMPLISHED
IN A MERCILESS BARRAGE OF GUN
FIRE. AND NOW TIGE AND HIS MOB
WERE FREE TO GO ABOUT THEIR
EXPLORATION...

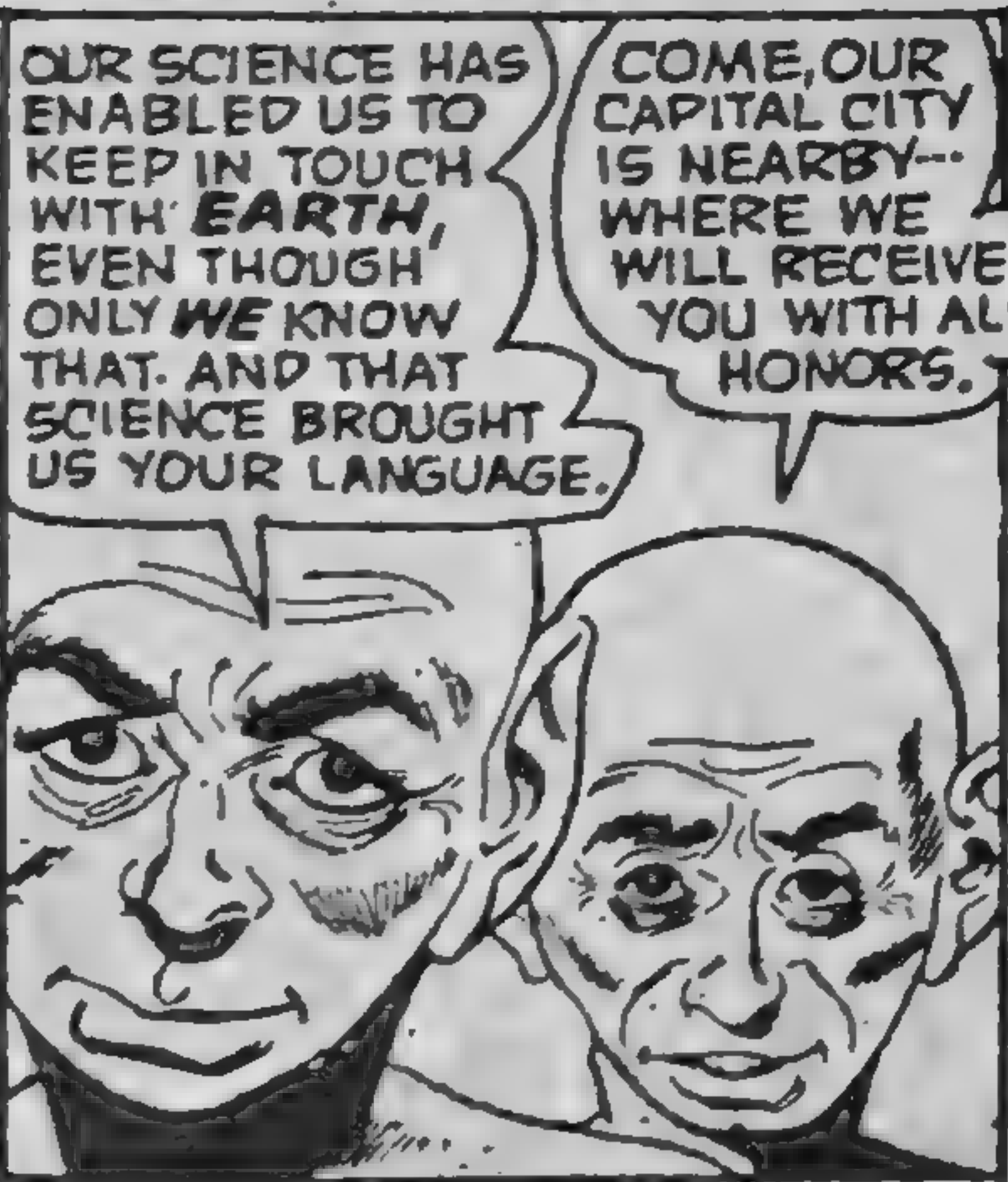
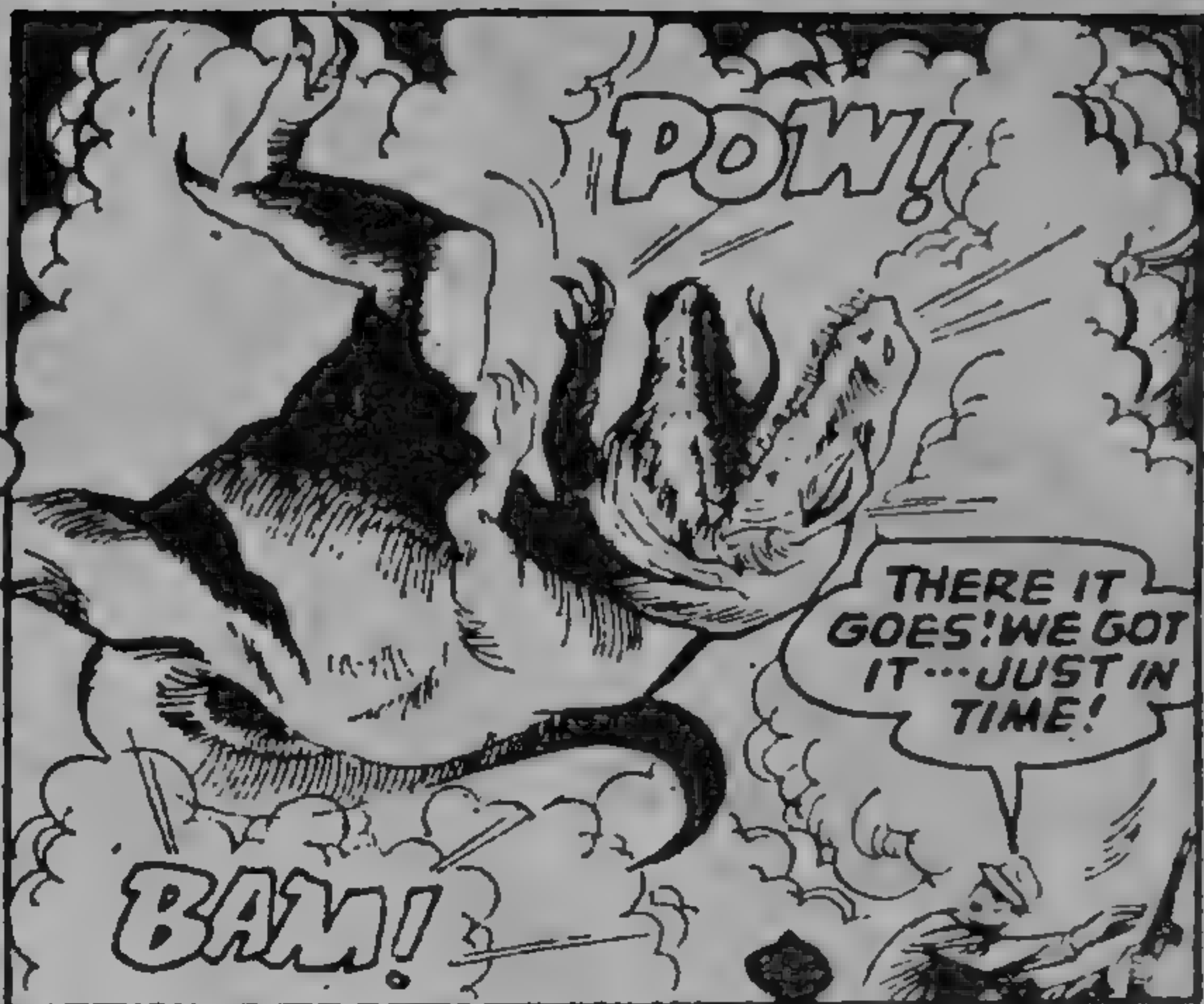
WILD LAND, BUT
PRETTY MUCH
LIKE EARTH
SO FAR...

THERE'S
SOMETHING
THAT'S NOT
LIKE HOME!
LOOK
OUT!



GRRR-RROWW!

DON'T JUST STAND
THERE, DOPE!
GIVE IT BULLETS
AND GRENADES!





THIS IS STATION KLFZ IN NEW YORK CITY. GYP NOLAN, THE GANGSTER, HAS JUST DIED IN MEDICAL HOSPITAL FOLLOWING AN EMERGENCY OPERATION. BEFORE HE DIED, HE CONFESSED THAT HE HAD COMMITTED THE BANCROFT JEWEL ROBBERY, FOR WHICH TIGE CONNERS WAS CONVICTED...

WHAT THE... NOW I SEE HOW IT WAS DONE! THAT TIME HE WAS IN MY OFFICE, HE MUSTA STOLEN MY PENCIL, AND HE USED IT TO IMPLICATE ME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH LOUSY LUCK? IF I HADN'T BUSTED JAIL LIKE I DID AND COME UP HERE, THEY'D RELEASE ME NOW AND I'D BE IN THE CLEAR! BUT INSTEAD, I'M STUCK IN THIS CELL WITH NOTHIN' TO DO. GOSH... IF ONLY I COULD GET A DECK OF CARDS, I COULD PLAY A LITTLE SOLITAIRE...

HE CALLED THE GUARD, TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHAT HE WANTED...

THEY'RE CARDBOARD, ABOUT THIS BIG, WITH NUMBERS AND PICTURES ON ONE SIDE. THEY'RE TO PLAY WITH... CARDS, WE CALL 'EM DOWN ON EARTH.

AH, YES. HERE ON OUR PLANET THEY'RE CALLED GOBREEPS... I'LL BE HAPPY TO GET YOU A DECK.

THOSE JERKY LITTLE SPACEMEN... SOFT... THEY WON'T DARE KEEP ME IN HERE LONG... HMMM... WONDER IF I'LL BE ABLE TO TURN UP MY LUCKY BLACK KING?

HE DID... IT WAS THE NEXT CARD, BUT...

THERE IT IS, BUT IT... IT'S GOT A SKULL FACE! WHAT... WHAT CAN THAT MEAN...?

WE'VE COME FOR YOU, TIGE CONNERS!

WHERE... WHERE ARE YOU TAKIN' ME? DO YOU ALWAYS ACT THIS WAY TO A GUY WHO'S GOTTEN A PRISON TERM?

PRISON TERM? IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK YOU GOT?

AND AS THEY PUSHED HIM INTO A SMALL, GRIMLY FOREBODING CELL...

NO... NO... YOU'RE NOT G-GOING TO...

OH, BUT THEY WERE. THAT'S WHY HE HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO THE DEATH CELL!

THE END!

THE BRILLIANT YOUNG SCIENTIST, DR. PERRY MOORE, HAD FOUND AND PERFECTED AN AMAZING SERUM! IN THE EXPANDING FIELD OF SCIENCE, THIS SERUM, WITH ITS UNIQUE PROPERTIES, COULD MAKE HIM A BIG MAN... OR A VERY SMALL MAN INDEED!

TRAPPED IN THE ANT HILL!



IT WAS AS HE PUT THE CHIMPANZEE IN THE CAGE THAT IT HAPPENED! A RAGGED EDGE OF WIRE CAUGHT AND RIPPED THE FLESH ON HIS HAND! IN QUICK REACTION TO THE PAIN, HE JERKED HIS HAND BACK...

HIS ELBOW HIT THE BOTTLE OF SERUM HE HAD BEEN WORKING WITH, SPILLING IT...



I MUST GET TO THE SCIENCE BUILDING... TO THE OTHER SCIENTISTS! I DON'T KNOW IF THE SERUM THAT GOT IN THE WOUND WILL EFFECT ME! IF IT DOES, I WANT SOMEONE QUALIFIED TO WITNESS IT AND TAKE NOTES!

HE FELT A STIRRING OF HIS BEING AND HE KNEW... THE SERUM WAS TAKING HOLD, HE WAS BEGINNING TO SHRINK...

IT WILL PROBABLY SHRINK ME A FOOT OR SO...

IT'S WORKING RAPIDLY! SHRINKING ME MORE THAN I THOUGHT! I WONDER HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE EFFECTS TO WEAR OFF A HUMAN BEING?



THE GRASS ROSE UP ON ALL SIDES, BECAME A JUNGLE THROUGH WHICH HE COULD NO LONGER PUSH HIS WAY... HE HAD SHRUNK TO AN AMAZING DEGREE! HIS INTEREST AS YET WAS COLDLY CLINICAL...

IT WAS ALMOST A MOMENT LATER, THAT ALARM CAME...

THIS IS AMAZING! I'M NO BIGGER THAN A BUG!

A GIANT BEETLE! HERE IN THE OPEN GRASS AND NO BIGGER THAN AN INSECT NOW, I'LL BE THE PREY OF ALL LARGER INSECTS! THIS IS HOW THE FIRST MAN MUST HAVE FELT, WHEN HE FACED THE DINOSAURS!



NEVER REALIZED HOW MANY INSECTS THERE ARE! THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH THEM! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME PLACE TO HIDE, OR THEY'LL HUNT ME DOWN!

A CAVE... A HOLE IN THE GROUND... SANCTUARY!



SUDDENLY, A SOUND OF CLICKING ECHOED THROUGH THE TUNNEL...



LOOKS LIKE THIS TUNNEL WAS MAN-MADE! COULDN'T BE, OF COURSE... TOO SMALL! WHAT'S THAT SOUND? CLICKING... RHYTHMIC... LIKE MORSE CODE!



WORKER ANTS! THAT'S WHAT THIS IS... AN ANT TUNNEL! WHAT STRENGTH THE CREATURES HAVE, IN COMPARISON TO THEIR SIZE!



SOLDIER ANTS... AND THEY'VE SEEN ME!

THERE WAS NO PLACE TO GO BUT DEEPER INTO THE TUNNEL TO AVOID THE FORMIDABLE SOLDIER ANTS THAT PURSUED HIM!



HOW LONG WILL THE SERUM KEEP ME SMALL? I CAN'T SURVIVE VERY LONG IN THIS FIERCE WORLD OF INSECTS!

ANOTHER BEND IN THE TUNNEL AND THEN HE REACHED A LARGE CHAMBER AND DARTED IN TO HIDE BEHIND A PILLAR OF EARTH!



CAN'T RUN ANY FURTHER... EXHAUSTED! GOT TO HIDE UNTIL I REGAIN MY OWN SIZE AGAIN!

FOR A MOMENT HE RESTED! THEN HE HEARD THE STRANGE CLICKINGS AGAIN, THAT WERE THE ANTS' MEANS OF COMMUNICATIONS, OF SPEECH! SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF HIM! HE PEERED OUT FROM BEHIND THE PILLAR!



CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! IT'S AN ANT LABORATORY... AND THOSE TWO CREATURES MUST BE SCIENTISTS! THIS IS BEYOND BELIEF!

SUDDENLY, THE CLICKINGS CHANGED! IN THEM WAS THE FEEL OF FRUSTRATION...



HE'S GETTING ANGRY! WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE WORKING ON, ISN'T SUCCESSFUL!



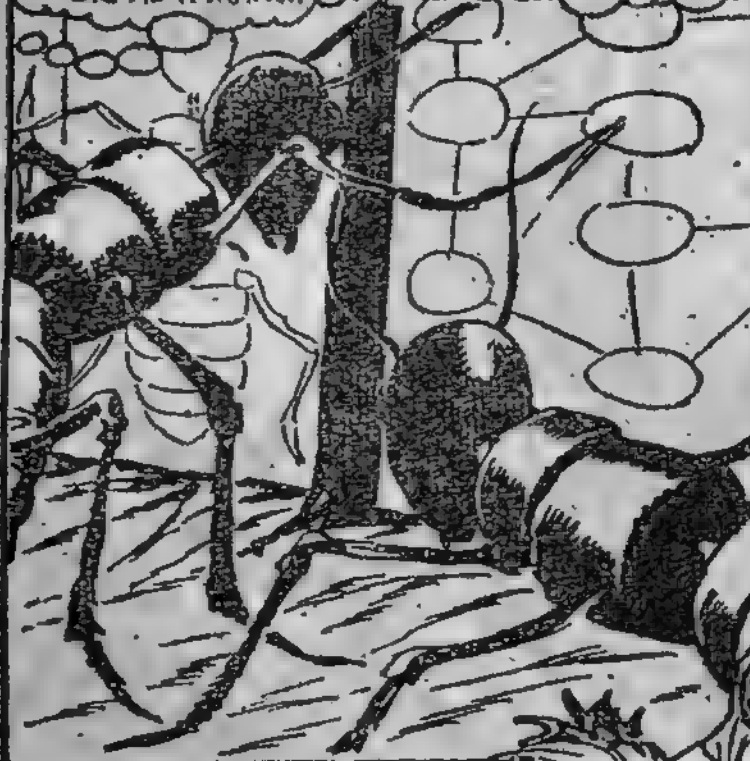
THEY MUST HAVE TRIED THOUSANDS OF TIMES, IF THOSE BROKEN VIALS ARE ANY INDICATION! BUT EACH TIME, THEY'VE FAILED! IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE WORKING ON...

THE CUCKINGS WERE AN ANGRY BURR, AS THE ANT POINTED TO THE DRAWING OF THE MAN! DR. MOORE FELT THE HATE THAT EMANATED FROM THE INSECT!



THEY HATE MANKIND! THEIR EXPERIMENT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT!

THAT CHART...IT'S A STRING OF GENES! THE OTHER CHART...OF COURSE! BY CHANGING THE GENES, THEY'VE MADE THE WORKER ANTS PRODIGIOUSLY STRONG! THE OTHER CHART SHOWING AN ANT AS BIG AS A MAN...



THAT'S IT! THEY'RE TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO MUTATE ANT GENES AND MAKE ANTS THE SIZE OF MEN... AND THEN...THE HUMAN SPECIES BEST BEWARE...



SOLDIER ANTS! THEY'VE SEEN ME! NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE... I'M TRAPPED!



SUDDENLY CAME THAT STRANGE STIRRING WITHIN HIM, AND... HE BEGAN TO GROW, TO SHOOT UP, BURSTING THROUGH THE GROUND... OUT OF THE ANT HILL...



THE SERUM'S EFFECT HAS WORN OFF... AND NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON!

NOW THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE! I WILL DISCARD MY EXPERIMENT WITH THE SHRINKING AGENT! I MUST FIND A NEW SOLUTION TO KILL ANTS! NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE WHAT I KNOW TO BE TRUE! YES, THEY'VE FAILED IN FINDING A WAY TO GROW ANTS THE SIZE OF MEN! BUT THEY'RE CLEVER... WHY TAKE A CHANCE?



THE END

ROOKIE COP

THE SHARP SLAP OF LEATHER RISES ABOVE THE WHISPERED RINGSIDE COMMENTS, AS YOUNG EDDIE BOYLE, CONTENDER FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN, STALKS HIS SPARRING PARTNER DURING A BRISK WORKOUT... AND APPROACHES THE MOMENT HE MUST MAKE HIS...

"FATEFUL DECISION!"



HOW'S THAT FOR TIMING? NOTICE THE WAY HE FOLLOWED THROUGH AFTER HE TOSSED THAT FEINT?

HE LOOKS GOOD PETE! MAYBE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND YOURSELF A CHAMP!

SORRY, BUZZ. I DIDN'T MEAN TO LET GO SO HARD.

THAT'S OKAY, EDDIE... THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR. WHEN I CAN STILL FEEL THINGS GOING ROUND AND ROUND!



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, KID. G'MON DOWN HERE AND MEET SOME OF THE BOYS FROM THE PRESS!

OKAY, PETE. BE RIGHT THERE!





AND LATER THAT NIGHT EDDIE VISITS AT THE HOME OF HIS GIRL FRIEND, JUDY WILSON.



THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS YOU CAN DO, AND ANYONE OF THEM WOULD BE FAR MORE REWARDING THAN WHAT YOU CAN GET FROM THE RING. FIGHTING IS BRUTAL, EDDIE... AND THAT JUST ISN'T YOU.



MAYBE NOT, JUDY, BUT TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE COUNTING ON ME. MY TRAINERS, SPARRING PARTNERS AND THEN PETE. HIS DREAM IS TO HAVE A CHAMP AND HE THINKS I'M IT. YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO HIM IF I QUIT NOW?

THEN WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN FATHER, EDDIE? ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM DOWN?



IT'S NOT THAT, JUDY. AFTER ALL, DAD'S BEEN A COP ALL HIS LIFE AND HE'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SEE ME JOIN THE FORCE, TOO. BUT I'VE STILL GOT TO DO WHAT I THINK IS BEST.

IN THAT CASE, EDDIE, WHY DON'T YOU...



WHY DON'T YOU LET THE BOY MAKE UP HIS OWN MIND? HE'S GOT MORE N ENOUGH BEES IN HIS BONNET AS IT IS!



WHY, FATHER... YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING!

DARN TOOTIN' I HAVE NOW LISTEN TO ME, EDDIE! I AIN'T GONNA TELL YA WHAT TO DO, BUT TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T BECOME NO COP IN TWENTY YEARS. ALL YOU'D HAVE TO SHOW WOULD BE FLAT FEET AN' A TIN BADGE. THAT'S REAL SOUND ADVICE, SON!

I KNOW, MR. WILSON. I'LL THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY!



I'M SORRY, JUDY, BUT THE WAY THINGS STACK UP NOW, I MUST STAY WITH IT. I HAVE A BOUT COMING UP NEXT WEEK. AN IMPORTANT ONE. WISH ME LUCK.

S-SURE, EDDIE. ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD.



A WEEK QUICKLY PASSES AND THEN A FEW MINUTES BEFORE FIGHT TIME...

THIS CHARLIE GRAHAM'S A PRETTY TOUGH SCRAPPER, BUT DON'T LET IT THROW YA, KID. KEEP STICKIN' THE LEFT IN HIS FACE TILL YOU SEE AN OPENING--THEN WHAM!

RIGHT, PETE I'LL WATCH IT CLOSE

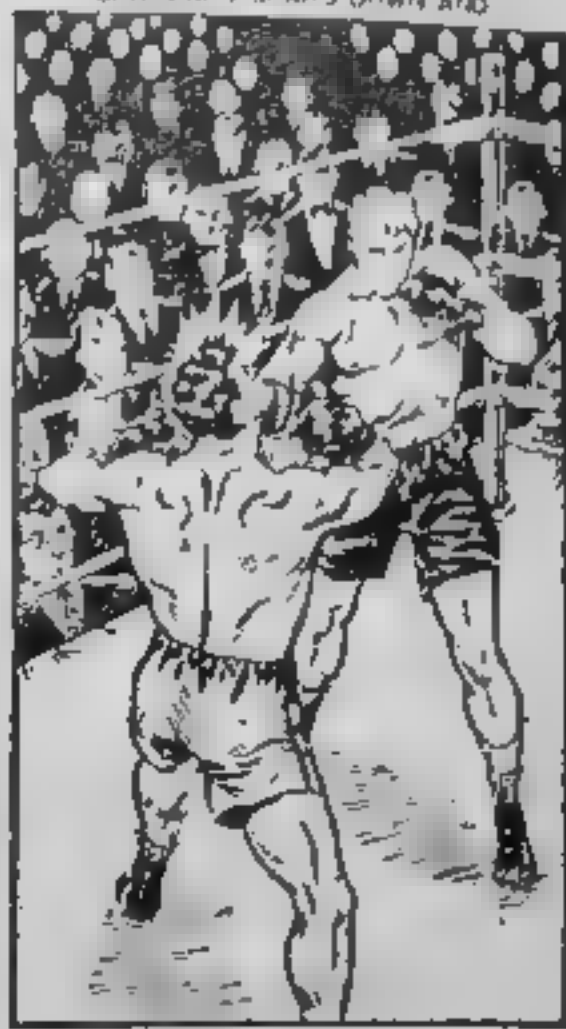


OKAY, BOYLE. YOU'RE ON!

NOW LISTEN, KID CHOOSE YOUR OWN TIME AND TAKE HIM WHEN YOU'RE READY. REMEMBER, YOU ARE A HOP AND A SKIP AWAY FROM THE CROWN... GO PLAY IT SAFE! LET'S GO NOW!



KEEPING HIS OPPONENT AT ARM'S LENGTH BY A SERIES OF SHORT LEFT-JABS, EDDIE FORCES THE FIGHT TO MOVE AT HIS PACE. THEN, IN THE FOURTH ROUND A QUICK FEINT BRINGS GRAHAM TO HIS KNEES AND



YOU GOT 'IM, BOYLE!

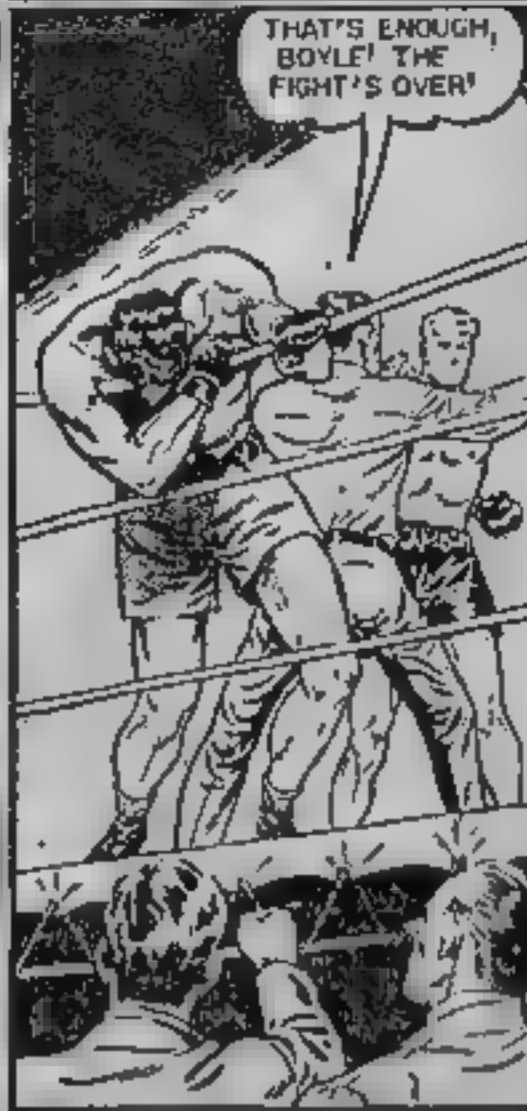
LOOK AT THAT KID GO!

KEEP STICKIN' 'EM!

WOW!

THEN, AS THE BATTERED GRAHAM FALLS HELPLESSLY ACROSS THE ROPES...

THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYLE! THE FIGHT'S OVER!



SECONDS LATER...

NICE GON', EDDIE WE'RE ON OUR WAY... NOTHIN' C'N STOP US NOW!

LOOK, PETE! NOT A MARK ON 'IM!

WAIT A MINUTE THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH GRAHAM!





WHAT'S WRONG, DOC?
WHY DON'T HE COME
AROUND?

IT HAS ME WORRIED TOO, BOYLE
COULD BE A BLOOD CLOT, CEREBRAL
HEMORRHAGE ANY NUMBER OF
THINGS. WE'LL KNOW MORE WHEN
WE GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!



HE'S HURT
BAD!... AM
I... I DID IT!

IT'S A TOUGH BREAK, KID, BUT YOU
CAN'T BLAME YOURSELF IT'S PART
OF THE BUSINESS IT COULD HAVE
BEEN THE OTHER WAY AROUND,
TOO NOW CLIMB OUT OF HERE
AND HEAD FOR THE SHOWER.



IF HE'S HURT BAD HE MIGHT EVEN DIE... AND ALL
BECAUSE OF ME! I KEPT HITTING HIM AND HITTING
HIM, AND THE CROWD KEPT YELLING FOR MORE,
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THINGS NOW... THE WAY
THEY REALLY ARE

GREAT GOIN',
BOYLE.

YA REALLY PUT
'IM TO SLEEP, KID.

THE LONG VIGIL CONTINUES THROUGH THE NIGHT AS
EDDIE, JUDY AND EDDIE'S FATHER, ANXIOUSLY AWAIT WORD
IN THE HOSPITAL'S WAITING ROOM...



WHATEVER HAPPENS, SON,
YOU MUSTN'T BLAME YOUR-
SELF YOU'LL HAVE TO
MARK IT OFF AS AN
ACCIDENT AND PUT IT
OUT OF YOUR MIND.

I COULD NEVER FORGET
IT, DAD! SITTING HERE
THIS WAY, WAITING TO HEAR
WORD, HAS GIVEN ME A
CHANGE TO THINK THINGS
OUT THERE'S SOMETHING I
WANT YOU AND JUDY TO KNOW



SUDDENLY...

I HAVE NEWS
FOR YOU, BOYLE

HOW IS HE, DOC?
HE WON'T...

STEADY,
SON!



WE'VE JUST MOVED GRAHAM OUT OF SURGERY -
IT WAS A TOUGH AND-GO PROPOSITION FOR AWHILE,
BUT THE BOY'S YOUTH AND VITALITY CAME
THROUGH. HE'S OUT OF DANGER, BOYLE!

HE- YOU MEAN HE'LL BE OKAY?
...HE WON'T DIE?

I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU BEFORE I GOT WORD... NOW I CAN SAY IT AND REALLY MEAN IT I'M GIVING UP THE RING, JUDY I'VE GONE THROUGH TOO MUCH TONIGHT IT'S NOT WORTH IT!

AND IT WON'T EVER HAPPEN AGAIN, EDDIE...



GUESS I'LL BE NEEDIN' A NEW JOB, DAD. THINK THE BOYS DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS WILL BE WILLING TO GIVE ME LOCKER SPACE... PROVIDING I PASS THE EXAM?

WILL THEY? THEY'LL BE TICKLED PINK... BUT NO MORE THAN ME EDDIE!



THE FORCE NEEDS YOUNG MEN LIKE YOU, YOUR FISTS HAVE BEEN IN THE WRONG BUSINESS. LET 'EM WORK FOR THE LAW, EDDIE... WHERE THEY'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT, DAD, AND MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT I'LL MAKE AS GOOD A COP AS YOU

THE RING'S LOSS BECOMES THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S GAIN TRUE TO HIS WORD, EDDIE WORKED AT HIS NEW CAREER WITH ALL THE SERIOUSNESS HE HAD FORMERLY GIVEN TO FIGHTING. THEN SEVERAL MONTHS LATER ON GRADUATION DAY...



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS DAY, JUDY! IT MAKES ME THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE CITY... BAR NONE

AND I'M THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN TOWN GOSH, BUT THAT UNIFORM LOOKS GOOD ON EDDIE



AND AFTER THE CEREMONY...

WELL, I'M ALL SET I HAVE MY UNIFORM, GUN, NIGHTSTICK, BADGE, WHISTLE, TRAFFIC TICKETS... THE WHOLE WORKS! GOT A BEAT, TOO! THE NIGHT SHIFT BETWEEN SOUTH STREET AND THE WATERFRONT.

THAT'S A LOT OF BEAT, SON

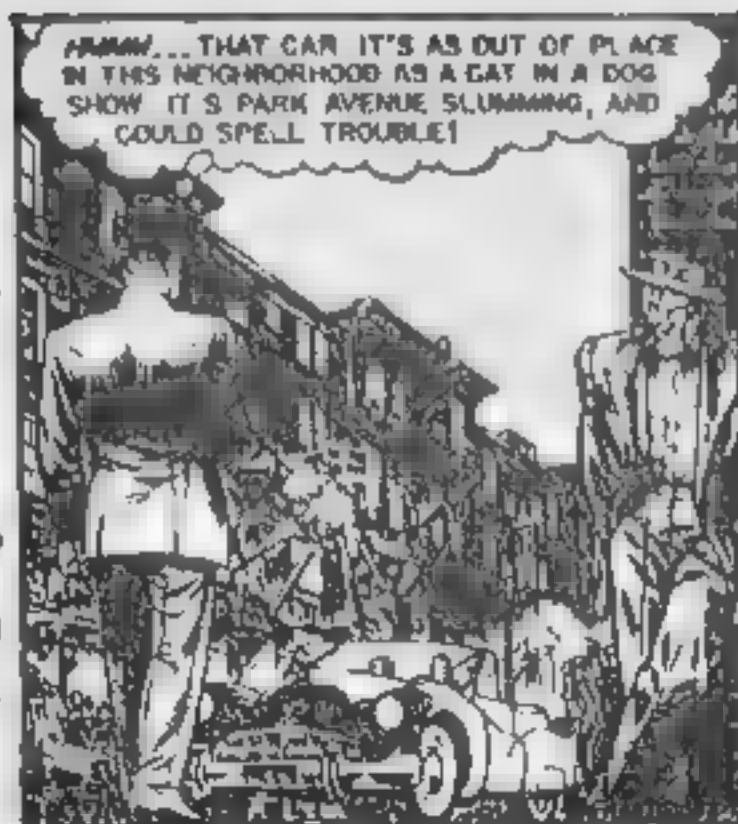


I WON'T HIDE THE FACTS, EDDIE. THAT SECTION CRAWLS WITH EVERY TWO-LEGGED KIND OF VERMIN IN EXISTENCE IT'LL BE NO PUSHOVER... BUT IF YOU'VE GOT THE MAKINGS OF A COP, THIS BEAT WILL TELL THE STORY

I'M READY TO FIND OUT, DAD. THE SOONER THE BETTER!



IN THE SPACE OF ONE SHORT WEEK, EDDIE DISCOVERS THAT EVERY WORD HIS FATHER SPOKE WAS TRUE. STREET FIGHTS, KNUFE BRAWLS AND MUGGING PARTIES OCCUR WITH ALARMING FREQUENCY. THEN, ONE NIGHT...



HAHAH... THAT CAR IT'S AS OUT OF PLACE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AS A CAT IN A DOG SHOW. IT'S PARK AVENUE SLUMMING, AND COULD SPELL TROUBLE!



WHICH WAY TO THE DOMINO CLUB, OFFICER? I'M SURE IT'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

NOT ANY LONGER, MISS. IT WAS CLOSED DOWN A FEW NIGHTS AGO ON A GAMBLING CHARGE.



DID YOU HEAR THAT, TED? THEY'VE ACTUALLY CLOSED THE CLUB.

THE BOYS IN BLUE PROBABLY GOT MAD BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T IN ON THE TAKE, BRENDA.



I'LL FORGET THAT CRACK! NOW TAKE MY ADVICE AND HEAD BACK FOR YOUR PART OF TOWN. HANGING AROUND THIS SECTION IS A SURE WAY OF INVITING TROUBLE.

LOOK WHO'S GIVING US ADVICE.



YOU SHOW ME THE LAW THAT SAYS I CAN'T GO WHERE I WANT TO, WHEN I WANT TO. RIGHT NOW I'M GOING INTO THAT BAR DOWN THE STREET AND GET A DRINK. ANY OBJECTIONS?

PLENTY, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY WOULD PENETRATE YOUR STUBBORN HEAD.



A SHORT TIME LATER, INSIDE THE BAR...

M-MAYBE THAT COP KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT. THIS PLACE ISN'T EXACTLY G-COZY.

DON'T LET ON, TEDDY, BUT YOUR TEETH ARE CHATTERING. GIVE ME ANOTHER MINUTE, AND WE'LL GO!







WHEN REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE, EDDIE HAS RETURNED TO THE BADLY SHAKEN GIRL...



THE INVENTOR

NED CARTER was a janitor, but he didn't like it very much. When he should have been sweeping up the store and straightening all the goods on the shelves, Ned would dream about his invention. He hadn't really invented anything yet, but when he did, he thought to himself, "it will be a robot . . . a mechanical man . . . to do all this work that I'm doing now."

"Ned!" called Mr. Jonas, "come here and sweep up this corner and stop dreaming."

Ned was aware that everybody thought he was crazy. Well, not really "crazy", but just kind of queer for thinking all the things he did. He had tried talking to a few people about his plans, but they always laughed at him, so he vowed that when he *did* invent his robot, nobody else would ever know until he got it all finished.

That night after work, Ned stopped at the library, then at a hardware store, and then at a junk yard before he went home. "It's lucky," he thought, "that I live by myself, 'cause now there won't be anybody at all to disturb me at my work." And he went down to the basement and immediately started hammering, sawing and making plans.

He got a good start building his robot, and by midnight, he had all the parts assembled and ready to put together. "By tomorrow night at this time," he gloated, "I'll have somebody else to do my sweeping for me!"

The next day at work, Ned Carter surprised everyone by being cheerful and happy instead of grumpy and complaining, the

way he generally was.

"What's come over you, Ned?" Mr. Jonas asked. "Did you get a sudden inheritance or something?"

"Better than that," Ned replied. And he smiled mysteriously at Mr. Jonas and went on with his sweeping.

The next night, Ned went straight home and started putting the finishing touches on his robot. After a few hours of steady building, Ned had an assortment of wires, nails and screws, metal and plastic all rigged up to look somewhat like a man. It had two legs and two arms and a head and body. Ned stood the robot in the middle of the basement floor, lifted the arms out in front of the metal man, and thrust a broom into its wired fingers.

"Now, sweep!" Ned commanded his robot.

But the robot didn't move. Ned shouted, "Sweep, sweep," into its unhearing ears, and in exasperation, he went over to the mechanical man and started moving its arms for him. With the sudden jolting, the robot lost its precarious balance on the two weak legs and crumbled to the floor in a heap of metal and plastic.

Ned Carter just stood there looking down at his invention, maddened because his figures and planning were wrong, and saddened because it would mean a longer time before he could build another. He promised himself, "Before the month is out, I'm going to have a robot that will do all that sweeping for me."

Back at the store the next day, Ned was again his usual complaining self. Each new order Mr. Jonas would give him made Ned more determined than ever to make some kind of a substitute for himself. His mind wasn't on his work all day long. He was thinking about things that went wrong, and planning ways to make his new robot work . . . and sweep.

Ned Carter made many more trips to the hardware store, and many more trips to the junk yard, but he didn't make any more trips to the library. "Those people didn't help me with Robot Number One," Ned angrily thought, "so I don't need any more of their fancy books."

Far into the night a light was burning in the basement of Ned's house. Very painstakingly he balanced weights and wires, strings and stones inside his mechanical man's body, trying desperately to produce some kind of reaction when he would give the command, "Sweep!" Many nights went by before Ned's Robot Number Two was ready for the big tryout.

Finally, Ned placed a broom in the rubber hands of his next robot and uttered the command. Slowly, the mechanical man began to move, but instead of moving his arms, he swayed forward, turned on his right foot, and marched surely, directly, against the brick wall of the basement and fell apart.

"That one's no good either," Ned finally admitted. And he busied himself picking up all the pieces, and drawing further plans for Robot Number Three.

Ned didn't even bother to report for work the next morning. When he finally did go back into Mr. Jonas's store, he was told, "We can't have men whom we can't rely on, Ned. As much as I hate to do it, I'm afraid we'll have to let you go. Unless, of course," Mr. Jonas added, "you'll promise to give up these crazy inventions of yours."

"I'll never give up building my mechanical man," Ned vowed. "And when I finish and am successful, you'll all be sorry!"

But being fired didn't mean anything to Ned. He only thought, "Now I'll have all day to work on my mechanical man. And when I finally *do* complete him, I'll be able to send him out to work for me."

From that time on, Ned did nothing except stay down in his basement room and work on his invention. He tried every combination of construction he knew, but one after another of the mechanical men failed him. When and if they did move, they moved in the wrong direction, or they merely fell to the floor in a heap.

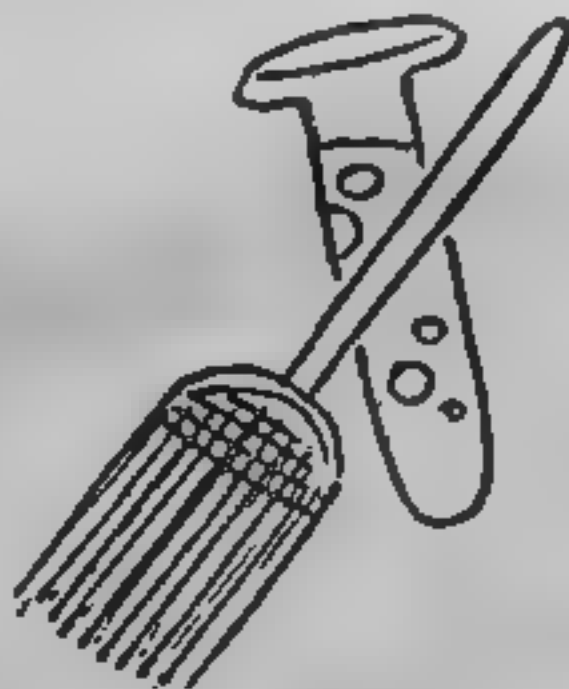
One day, when Ned was very discouraged with his efforts, Mr. Jonas came to call on him. "Please let me help you out, Ned," he asked. "You're really a good man when you don't have your mind on all your mechanical men."

But Mr. Jonas's remarks only made Ned more determined than ever to complete his plans. "Just wait until I finally *do* invent a robot," he advised Mr. Jonas. "Then you'll all wish you hadn't urged me to go back to being a janitor! Why," and his imagination soared, "maybe I'll even be able to have a whole army of robots working for me

... and I won't ever have to go back to sweeping."

When Mr. Jonas left, Ned wasted no time going back to his labors, and this time he felt sure he'd be successful. "I have a feeling," he murmured, "that this Robot Number Sixteen will be the one."

Very late that night, Ned's latest mechanical man was ready for the test. Carefully, as he had done fifteen times before, Ned stood him up in the middle of the small room. Painstakingly, he adjusted all the levers and balance weights in the metal body. Lovingly, Ned brought the robot's arms to an outstretched position, placed a



broom within the plastic hands, and in a hushed voice ordered, "Sweep!"

When the robot didn't move, Ned reached over gingerly and prodded Robot Number Sixteen's arms a little to start them going. And then slowly, very slowly, the arms moved around and upward ... then down and back, in a perfect sweeping arc.

"Ah, I think I've done it at last," Ned whispered to himself. "Now, just a little adjustment here on the broom, ..." and he pushed the broom down just a

bit so the bottom reached to the floor. "There!" he thought, "That's IT!"

"One, two, up, down," Ned counted joyfully, while the broom kept dusting the floor backward and forward, until the area directly in front of the robot was clean and uncluttered.

"Fine, fine," continued Ned to himself. "Now move forward and sweep a nice path to the door. Just move forward a little." But the robot didn't move at all. All it did was continue sweeping, sweeping, directly before it in the same spot.

"Move, move," Ned commanded loudly. "What good is a robot that only stands in one place and sweeps?"

Desperately, Ned picked the robot up and moved it to another spot on the floor. He pushed it a little to try to make it walk. The robot still stood, immobilized, in one place ... still sweeping.

"Up and down, backward and forward," Ned howled. "That's all you can do!" And then finally he admitted failure. "You're just like all the others ... you're no good either." And he watched his robot Number Sixteen sweep. Backward and forward ... up and down.

In desperation, Ned leaped to his mechanical man, flung the broom away from him, knocked his robot down and broke him into pieces.

"I'm a failure!" he thought. "This whole scheme was nothing but a dream from the beginning. I'll have to go to Mr. Jonas and get my old job back." And Ned slowly walked up the basement stairs, leaving the robot smashed and broken on the floor. After all, what did Ned know about *perpetual motion*!

THE END

FANGS OF THE BEAR

IT TOOK TWELVE WEEKS OF CONTINUOUS LABOR TO BUILD THE CONTROL PANEL...

AND THEN I SPENT FIFTEEN WEEKS ON THE BEAR ITSELF...

FINALLY THE DAY CAME... I WAS FINISHED!





AFTER MY ROBOT-BEAR WAS PUT ON DISPLAY IN THE STORE, I WENT BACK TO MY LABORATORY...



I WAS IN LUCK! THE MANAGER OF THE STORE TOOK AN IMMEDIATE LIKING TO THE BEAR... WHICH HE ASSUMED TO BE NO MORE THAN AN ATTRACTIVE PLAYTHING!



I WAITED, BUT NOT FOR LONG... FOR IT WAS ONLY MINUTES LATER, WHEN...

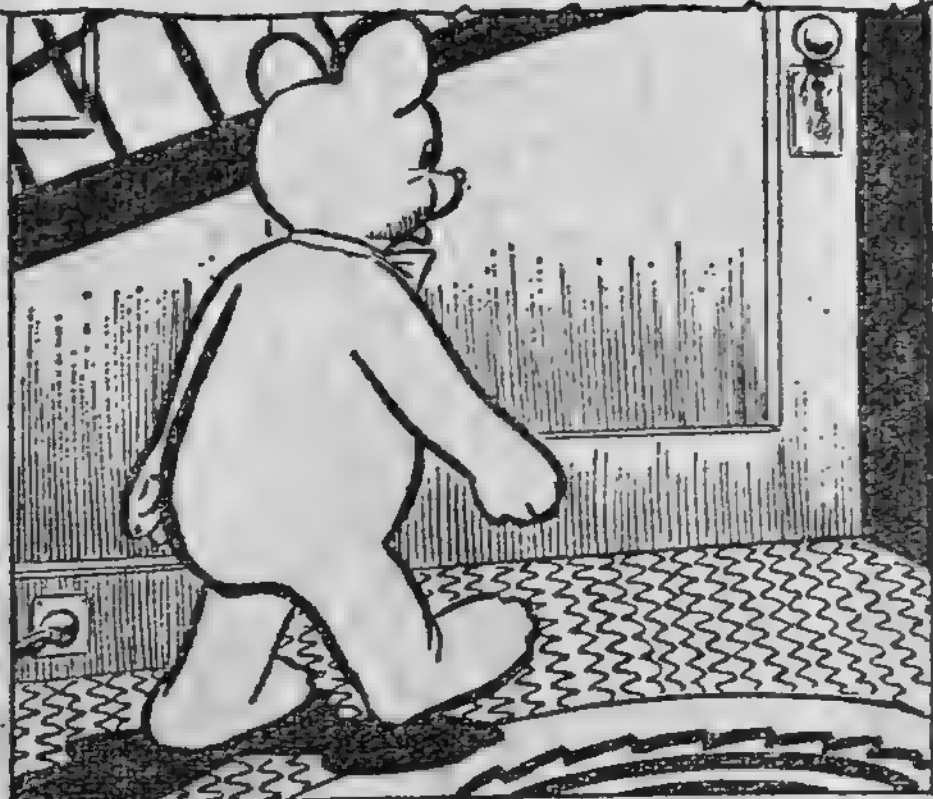


SEVERAL HOURS PASSED, AND THEN...

EVERYONE'S ASLEEP! NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT!



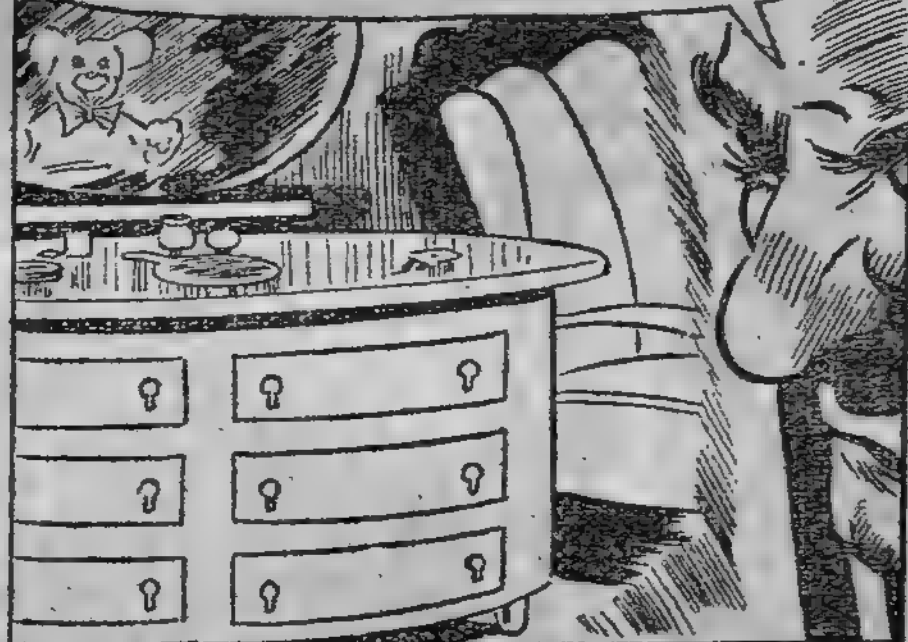
WORKING AT MY CONTROL PANEL, I MADE THE ROBOT TOY RISE AND WALK TO THE DOOR...



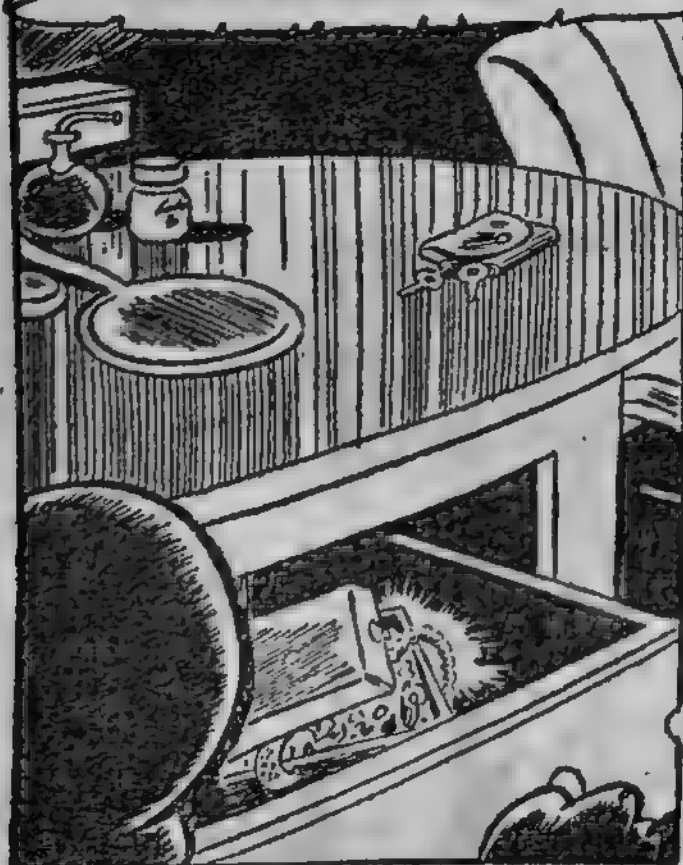
I HAD HIM LEAVE THE ROOM! THEN I GUIDED HIM ALONG THE HALLWAY UNTIL HE REACHED THE MAIN BEDROOM...



WITH THOSE SOFT FURRY FEET, THE BEAR ISN'T MAKING A SOUND!



I FIGURED THERE WOULD BE SOME JEWELRY IN THE BUREAU...AND I WASN'T DISAPPOINTED!



I MADE MY ROBOT TAKE THE JEWELRY BOX AND LEAVE THE APARTMENT...



THEN I BROUGHT HIM STRAIGHT BACK TO MY LABORATORY...

HA! HA! WHAT A HAUL WE MADE TONIGHT! AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! BEFORE WE'RE FINISHED, PARTNER, I'M GOING TO BE RICHER THAN I EVER DREAMED!



THE NEXT MORNING I WAS FEELING HAPPY AND CONFIDENT... SO CONFIDENT, THAT I WENT BACK TO THE SAME TOY STORE!



THEN, ONCE AGAIN I SAT IN MY LABORATORY AND WAITED...



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

MY ROBOT'S BEING SOLD AGAIN... BUT THE GUY WHO'S BUYING IT LOOKS LIKE HE CAN'T EVEN AFFORD THE PRICE OF A MEAL, LET ALONE AN EXPENSIVE TOY!



THE MAN PAID FOR THE TEDDY BEAR AND TOOK IT HOME WITH HIM...

LOOK AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD HE LIVES IN! THIS WILL BE A WASTE OF TIME FOR ME!



LOOK HOW HAPPY BOBBY IS! IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S SMILED IN WEEKS!

IT TOOK EVERY CENT WE HAD TO BUY THAT BEAR, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! I'D PAY ANY PRICE TO BRING A LITTLE JOY INTO HIS LIFE!



SO THEIR SON'S A CRIPPLE! VERY TOUCHING, BUT WHEN DARKNESS COMES AROUND, I'M GOING TO BRING MY BEAR BACK HERE!... SO I CAN SELL HIM AGAIN--TO SOMEONE RICH!



ALL THROUGH DINNER, THE BOY TENDERLY, LOVINGLY... HELD THE BEAR...

THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL TOY DADDY BOUGHT YOU... ISN'T IT, BOBBY?

HE'S THE MOST WONDERFUL FRIEND I EVER HAD, MOM! --I LOVE HIM!



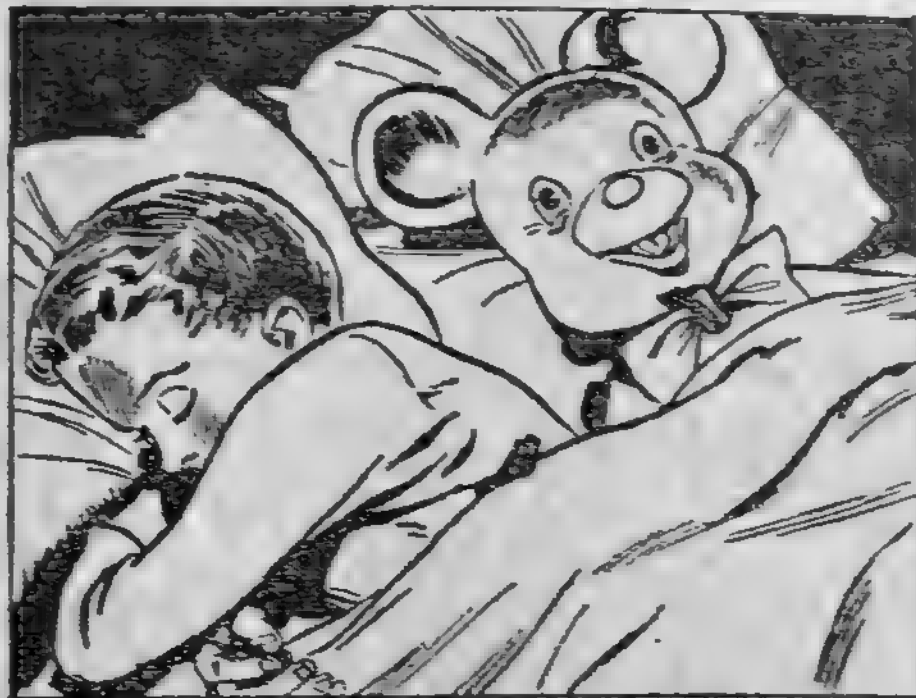


SOON,
IT
WAS
NIGHT-
'FALL...

POOR LITTLE FELLA!
HE'S CRAZY ABOUT
THAT BEAR! I-I
HOPE NOTHING
HAPPENS TO IT!

DON'T WORRY,
DEAR! IT'S
VERY WELL
MADE! IT
WON'T GET
DAMAGED!

I WAITED A LITTLE WHILE AND THEN I ADJUSTED
THE CONTROLS... BUT NOTHING HAPPENED!
THE BEAR DIDN'T MOVE!



FOR OVER AN HOUR I WORKED AT THE CONTROL
PANEL! FINALLY I GAVE UP AND...



IT'S NO USE... IF I WANT
THAT ROBOT, I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO GO AND GET
HIM! CAN'T LET MY
LIFE'S WORK BE TAKEN
FROM ME BY A FOOL KID!

IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO REACH THE DINGY
APARTMENT THEY LIVED IN; AND THEN...



JUST GIVE ME YOUR KID'S BEAR, AND WE WON'T
HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

NO! IT'S THE FIRST PRESENT
WE COULD EVER BUY HIM!
BOBBY LOVES THAT TOY!
I WON'T TAKE IT FROM
HIM!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER!
IF I HAVE TO
GET IT THE
HARD WAY...

SUDDENLY I FELT THE
PRESENCE OF SOMEONE ELSE
IN THE ROOM... I QUICKLY TURNED...



YOU!! BUT HOW--?? NO-
BODY IS AT THE CONTROLS!
YOU CAN'T--STOP! STAY
BACK!! STOP, I SAY!!

STOP! STOP!
STOP!



I FELT
TWO
ARMS
AROUND
ME! FURRY,
UNBELIEV-
ABLY
POWERFUL
ARMS!
THE
TERRIBLE
BEAR HUG
MADE ME
LOSE
CONSCIOUS-
NESS!!
I HAD LOST
EVERY-
THING!
BUT WHAT
I WOULD
NEVER
KNOW IS...
WHAT
BROUGHT
THE BEAR
TO LIFE
FOR
THOSE
FATEFUL
FEW
SECONDS!

THIS GUY IS WANTED
IN FIVE STATES! I'VE
GOT A HUNCH THE
REWARD YOU'LL GET
WILL BE BIG ENOUGH
TO GIVE LITTLE
BOBBY THE
OPERATION HE
NEEDS FOR HIS
LEG!

THE ONLY THING THAT
BUGS ME IS, WHAT
MADE THAT TOY BEAR
ATTACK THAT JOKER?
IT--IT DOESN'T SEEM
POSSIBLE!

IT IS
POSSIBLE, OFFICER!
DON'T EVER UNDER-
ESTIMATE THE
POWER
OF...
LOVE!



The **HUMAN TORCH** *and the* **EVER-LOVIN' THING**
MEET TWO OF THE X-MEN'S MOST COLORFUL FOES...

**QUICK
SILVER**

AND

THE
**SCARLET
WITCH**

HURRY, WANDA! THIS
IS OUR CHANCE TO
FLEE FROM MAGNETO
AND HIS BAND OF EVIL
MUTANTS! THEY WON'T
RETURN TILL
NIGHTFALL!

NO, PIETRO!
WE MUST NOT
GO! WE OWE
MAGNETO TOO
BIG A DEBT!

BUT WE MUST
NOT SERVE HIM ANY
LONGER! HE IS TOO
EVIL! COME, MY
SISTER!

MONUMENTAL STORY BY:
STAN LEE
MAGNIFICENT PENCILLING BY:
DICK AYERS
MASTERFUL INKING BY:
FRANK RAY
MELANCHOLY LETTERING BY:
ARTIE SIMEK

SUDDENLY, THE LOVELY WANDA, WHOM THE OUTSIDE WORLD KNOWS AS THE SCARLET WITCH, MAKES A SIMPLE GESTURE, PUTTING HER MUTANT HEX POWER INTO OPERATION...

NO, PIETRO! YOU MUST STOP! YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME!

I TRIPPED! YOU WOULD USE YOUR HEX ON ME--??

FORGIVE ME, MY BROTHER! BUT, I CANNOT LET YOU DO SOMETHING WE MAY REGRET! YOU KNOW THAT MONOR HAS ALWAYS MEANT EVERYTHING TO OUR FAMILY! AND WE HAVE GIVEN OUR WORD TO SERVE MAGNETO!

BUT, OUR HONOR GROWS MORE TARNISHED EACH TIME WE OBEY HIS EVIL COMMANDS!

BUT, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW HE ONCE SAVED MY LIFE-- WHEN THE UNTHINKING MOB ACCUSED ME OF WITCHCRAFT??

BACK, YOU RABBLE! NO ONE MAY HARM THIS GIRL!

WE SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO HIM THEN-- AND ONLY HE CAN RELEASE US FROM OUR OATH!

BUT, MY SISTER-- HE PLANS TO CONQUER THE WORLD! TO DESTROY HOMO SAPIENS! HOW CAN WE CONTINUE TO AID HIM IN SUCH A MAD PLAN??

YET, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW NORMAL MEN HATE AND FEAR MUTANTS LIKE US? PERHAPS MAGNETO IS RIGHT! IF ONLY WE KNEW-- IF ONLY WE KNEW!!

WE HAVE NONE TO TURN TO-- NONE TO ADVISE US--

AND YET, THERE ARE SOME IN THIS COUNTRY WHO ALSO HAVE GREAT POWER! IF WE KNEW WHERE TO FIND THEM-- PERHAPS THEY COULD GIVE US AN ANSWER!

WAIT, PIETRO! THERE ARE FOUR WHOSE ADDRESS IS KNOWN TO ALL! PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT-- PERHAPS WE SHOULD SEE THEM-- THEY MIGHT ADVISE US!

THEN LET US LEAVE AT ONCE, MY SISTER!

LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS FANTASTIC FOUR...

IT'S KIND OF A LAZY DAY, DORRIE! BIG BEN AND I HAVE TO HANG AROUND HQ. WHILE SUE AND REED ARE OUT!

UH OH!! HERE'S A LETTER POSTMARKED FROM VANCY STREET!

THE VANCY STREET GANG SAYS I OUGHTTA CARRY A TEETHING RING IF I'M GONNA KEEP RUINNIN' AROUND TOWN IN A PAIR OF BLUE DIAPERS!

I HAVE A HUNCH I'M GONNA HAVE TO HANG UP REAL FAST, DORRIE! BASHFUL BENJAMIN LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE!

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THOSE KNUCKLE-HEADED YAHOOOS, I'LL MAKE 'EM FAMOUS!

THEY'LL GET TO THE MOON WAY BEFORE PROJECT GEMINI!!

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A BULLETIN --

HOLD IT, BEN --

THE X-MEN HAVE JUST RELEASED THE FIRST OFFICIAL PHOTOS OF THE INFAMOUS BAND OF EVIL MUTANTS!

NEWS BULLETIN

THIS WE'VE GOTTA SEE!

THE PUBLIC IS URGED TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ANY OF THESE DANGEROUS MUTANTS WHOSE ALLEGED GOAL IS WORLD CONQUEST!

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO APPREHEND THEM YOURSELF! WE REPEAT--



--THEY ARE EXTREMELY POWERFUL AND DANGEROUS! THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL NUMBER IS TO BE CALLED IF THEY ARE SIGHTED...



MEANWHILE, IN THE BAXTER BUILDING LOBBY...

BAXTER

- DIRECTORY -

I HOPE THAT GUARD DOES NOT RECOGNIZE US!

HOLD IT, FOLKS! THAT PART OF THE LOBBY IS "OFF-LIMITS" TO THE PUBLIC!

THAT'S THE SECTION WHERE THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S PRIVATE ELEVATOR LEADS TO THEIR TOWER SUITE!

BUT WE DESIRE TO SEE THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

SO DO A LOT OF PEOPLE, MA'AM-- BUT NO ONE IS ALLOWED UP THERE WITHOUT OFFICIAL AUTHORIZATION! SORRY!

WE ARE NOT ACCUSTOMED TO BEING STOPPED! WE MUST SEE THEM--NOW!

NOT A CHANCE! YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON, FOLKS!

BUT, THE SCARLET WITCH REMAINS MOTIONLESS-- STARING AT THE INERT FIRE HOSE, UNTIL--

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE NOSE??

IT'S MOVIN' BY ITSELF!!

SAY--WHY ARE YOU WAVING YOUR HAND TOWARDS THE FIRE HOSE? AND WHAT'S THAT TINGLY SENSATION I FEEL?

IT WRAPPED ITSELF AROUND US--LIKE IT WAS HEXED! SAY--ONLY ONE FEMALE HAS A HEX POWER--!!

WELL DONE! TAKE THE ELEVATOR! I'LL USE THE STAIRS!

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY-- WELL, THE F.F. WILL HANDLE 'EM IF THEY GET THAT FAR!

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, LADY! THE FANTASTIC FOUR DON'T LIKE UNINVITED GUESTS!



BLAST IT!! SOMETHIN' MADE
ME MISS 'IM!! YEOWWP!! I
KNOCKED ONE OF REED'S
CORNY CONTRACTIONS OVER!

I SAVED PIETRO,
BUT -THAT
MACHINE -IT'S
GOING TO HIT
ME!

NO TIME FOR
ANOTHER HEX!
I CAN'T MOVE
OUT OF THE
WAY FAST
ENOUGH--!
OHHH--!

THUD!

WANDA! YOU ARE HURT!!
THEY DARED TO STRIKE
YOU!!?

WHERE'D
SHE
COME
FROM??

IGNORING THE DANGER ABOUT HIM--UNMINDFUL OF
HIS TWO FIGHTING FOES--FORGETTING ALL, SAVE
THE SIGHT OF HIS BELOVED SISTER, LYING UNCON-
SCIOUS BEFORE HIM, THE MAN KNOWN AS
QUICKSILVER CRADLES HER GENTLY IN HIS ARMS...

SHE BREATHES! HER
PULSE IS REGULAR!
SHE IS MERELY
STUNNED!

THANK HEAVEN! YOU WILL
BE ALRIGHT, MY SISTER!
I COULD NOT BEAR IT
IF EVER HARM SHOULD
BEFALL YOU!

HOLD IT, BEN! WE CAN'T
ATTACK HIM NOW! I KINDA
KNOW HOW HE FEELS!
AFTER ALL, I'VE GOT A
SISTER, TOO!

YA DIDN'T THINK I'D
CLOBBER A GUY
WHOSE BACK WAS
TOWARD ME, DID YA?

BUT JUST WAIT TILL THAT
FAST MOVIN' MEATHEAD
TURNS AROUND!! HE'LL
NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT
'IM!

REST, MY SISTER--
WHILE I PAY
THESE CLODS
BACK FOR
ATTACKING US
WITHOUT CAUSE!

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE METEORIC
MUTANT LEAPS TO HIS FEET
AND BEGINS RUNNING AT TOP
SPEED, ALL IN ONE BREATH-
TAKING MOTION...

AND NOW I SHALL TEACH
YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO
ANGER A MUTANT!



HERE HE COMES! NOW I'LL --
YIP! THERE HE GOES!

HE'S TOO FAST BEN! MY
FIREBALLS ARE USELESS
AGAINST HIM!



AND HIS SPEED ENABLES
HIM TO RISE HIGH ENOUGH
INTO THE AIR TO EVADE
MY FLAME WALL!



PHOOEY
ON YOUR
FLAME!
JUST
WAIT'LL
HE GETS
WITHIN
CLOBBERY
DISTANCE!

ANNN--
NOW I
GOTCHA!

HOLD STILL,
FOR PETE'S
SAKE! IT'LL
ONLY HURT
A MINUTE!



YOU CLUMSY
DAF! TO ME,
YOU SEEM TO
BE MOVING IN
SLOW MOTION!
I'LL MERELY
PUSH YOUR
OUTSTRETCHED
ARM, THUS--

AND, AIDED BY THE FORCE
OF YOUR OWN SWING, I'LL
SPIN YOU AROUND UNTIL
YOU CAN BEAR NO MORE!

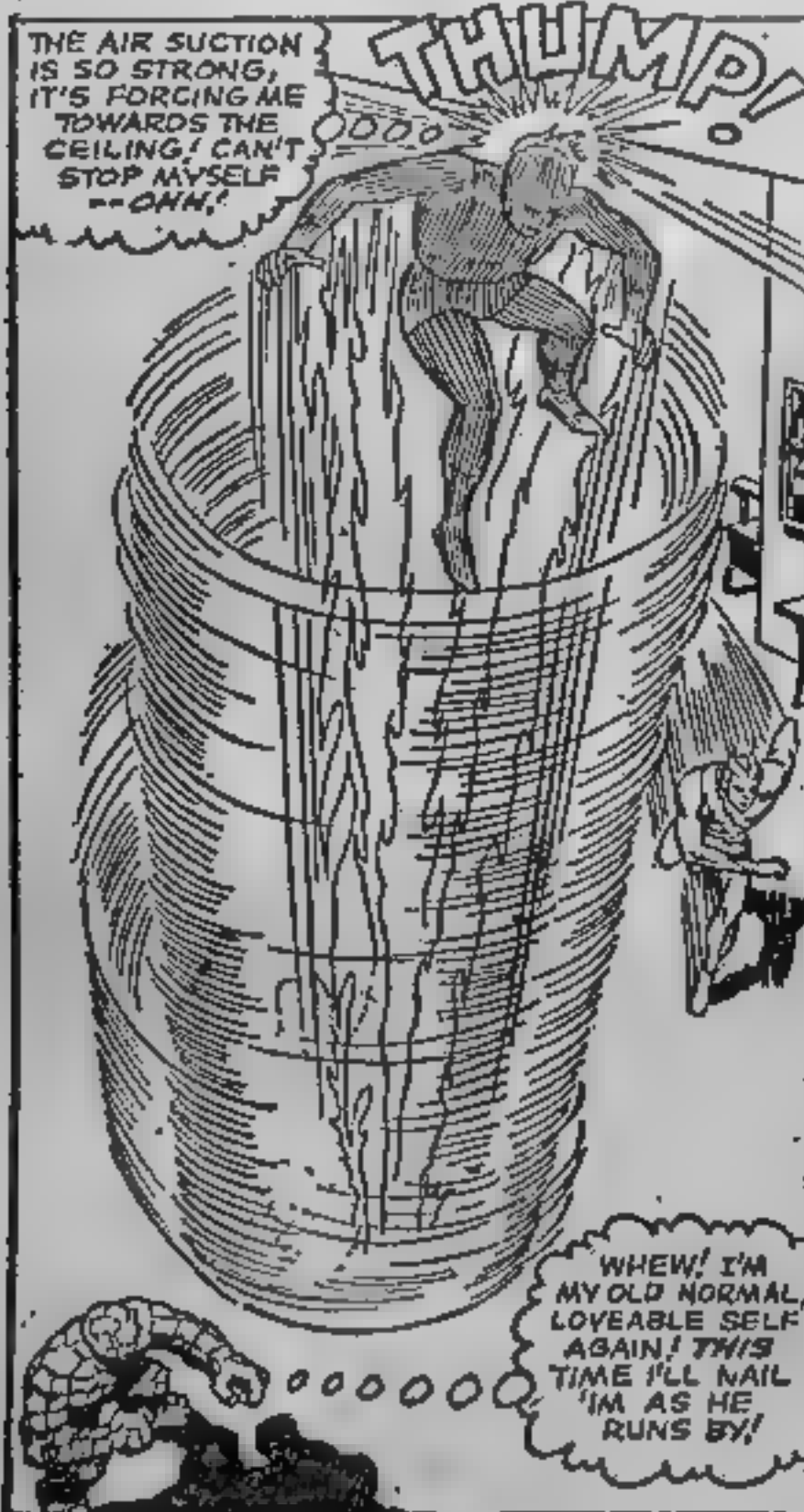


HEY! CUT IT OUT!
KNOCK IT OFF!
LEGGO! THINK WHAT
YOU'RE DOIN' TO MY
LILY WHITE
REPUTATION!!

THEN, FINALLY, QUICKSILVER
RELEASES THE THING--

HOLY COW! THE WHOLE
JOINT IS SPINNIN' AROUND!
GET YOUR HELMETS,
GUYS--WE'RE GONNA
CRASH!







YOU CAME IN PEACE, BENE WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE KIDDIN'??

IF THIS WAS A PEACEFUL VISIT, I'D HATE TO SEE 'EM WHEN THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE



BUT, ALL WE WANTED FROM YOU WAS--
WAIT! STOP!

WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANTED! IT'S BEEN TRIED BEFORE! EVERY CORNY CROOK WITH EVERY KIND OF SUPER POWER DREAMS OF COMING HERE AND BEATING THE F.F.!



BUT IT'S NOT THAT EASY, BUDDY-- AS YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT!

EVEN YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO OUT-RUN OR OUT-JUMP THIS TRUSTY LITTLE FIRE CAGE I COOKED UP FOR YOU!



MAGNETO WAS RIGHT! THERE CAN NEVER BE PEACE BETWEEN HOMO SUPERIOR AND HOMO SAPIEN! YOU ARE OUR BORN ENEMY!



ATTA BOY, TORCHY! KEEP 'IM BOTTLED UP BETWEEN THAT FIRE CAGE AND YOUR FIRE WALL UNTIL I CAN SQUEEZE INTO IT! A BLESSED MIGHTY GUY!



IT AINT GONNA WIN ME ANY FASHION PRIZES, BUT IT'LL STOP ME FROM BECOMING "BARBEQUED THING"!

NOW, ALL I GOTTA DO IS SKIP OVER TO SPEEDY AND LULLABY 'IM TO SLEEP-- WITH A COZY LITTLE LOVE TAP!





THIS IS THE STORY THAT NOBODY KNOWS... BECAUSE NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE IT! IT WAS ONLY CHANCE THAT MADE IT HAPPEN TO ME, BURT CLARKE! BUT I'M GLAD IT DID! IF IT HAD HAPPENED TO SOMEONE ELSE, THINGS MIGHT HAVE TURNED OUT DIFFERENTLY AND THAT DIFFERENCE COULD HAVE BEEN AWFULLY IMPORTANT TO THE WHOLE WORLD!

THE STORY NOBODY KNOWS!



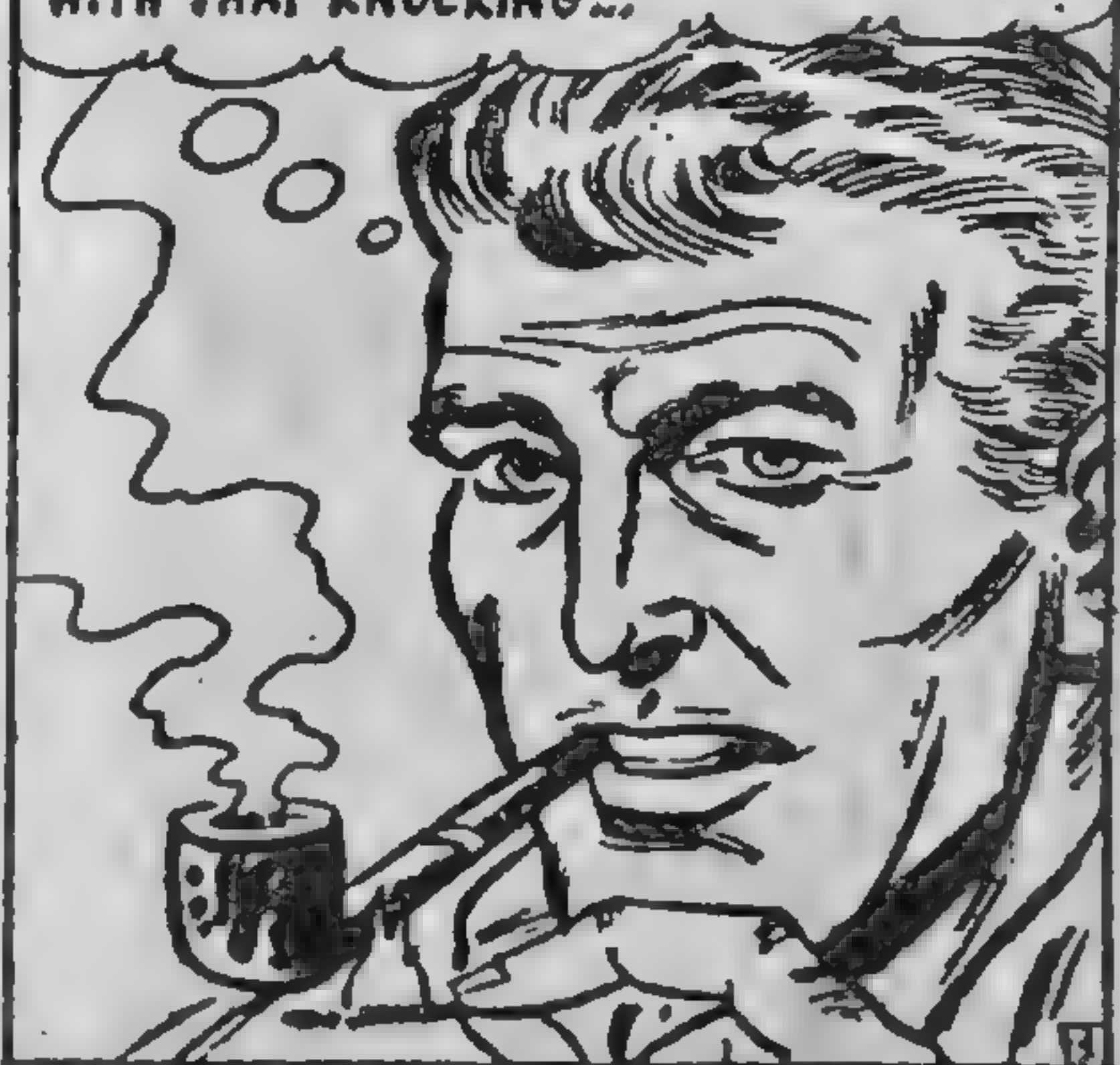
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WE'LL BOOK HIM FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING AS YOU CHARGE, MR. CLARKE! BUT WE'LL CHECK FURTHER! HE'S A STRANGE-LOOKING GUY AND I'LL BET WE'LL FIND HE'S AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN OR SOMETHING!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE!



YES, HE'S A STRANGE-LOOKING GUY, AND THERE'S A REASON FOR IT! I HAD HIM ARRESTED AS A COMMON THIEF! I COULDN'T TELL THEM THE TRUTH... THEY WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED! STRANGE TO THINK THAT IT BEGAN ONLY YESTERDAY, WITH THAT KNOCKING...



I'D BEEN SITTING IN MY ROOM, DISCOURAGED AND FEELING LOW AND SORRY FOR MYSELF...

I MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT! I'LL NEVER BE ANYTHING MORE THAN I AM, JUST AN ORDINARY GUY WHO ONCE HAD A DREAM...

I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE *SOMEBODY*, TO DO SOMETHING *BIG*! BUT I'VE HAD NEITHER THE EDUCATION NOR OPPORTUNITY TO DO ANYTHING IMPORTANT... WHO CAN THAT BE...?

COME IN!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

I CALLED OUT A FEW TIMES, BUT NO ONE ANSWERED, SO I OPENED THE DOOR!

NBODY'S HERE! BUT THAT KNOCKING HASN'T STOPPED! MUST COME FROM *INSIDE* THE ROOM!

IT'S COMING FROM THE CLOSET! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS! NO ONE COULD'VE GOTTEN INTO THAT CLOSET...

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

A CHILL OF FOREBODING SWEEPED THROUGH ME! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE SHOULD BE IN THE CLOSET! YET THE KNOCKING DEFINITELY CAME FROM THERE! I REACHED OUT AND GRASPED THE KNOB...

I SWUNG THE DOOR OPEN QUICKLY, EXPECTING... I KNEW NOT WHAT! AND HE STOOD THERE...

THERE IS NO KNOB ON THE INSIDE OF THE DOOR! UNFORTUNATELY, I SEEM TO HAVE MATERIALIZED INSIDE YOUR CLOSET! DO NOT BE ALARMED, PLEASE! FIRST TELL ME... YOU ARE NOT A BIG INDUSTRIALIST, ARE YOU?

N-NO, I'M NOT! BUT WHO...? HOW...?

I AM FROM FIVE THOUSAND YEARS IN THE *FUTURE*! I HAD HOPED TO MATERIALIZE IN THE HOME OF SOMEONE OF IMPORTANCE, BUT IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER... *YOU* WILL DO! THIS *DISC* TRANSPoses MATTER THROUGH SPACE! YOU SEE IT IS SEGMENTED INTO ERAS!

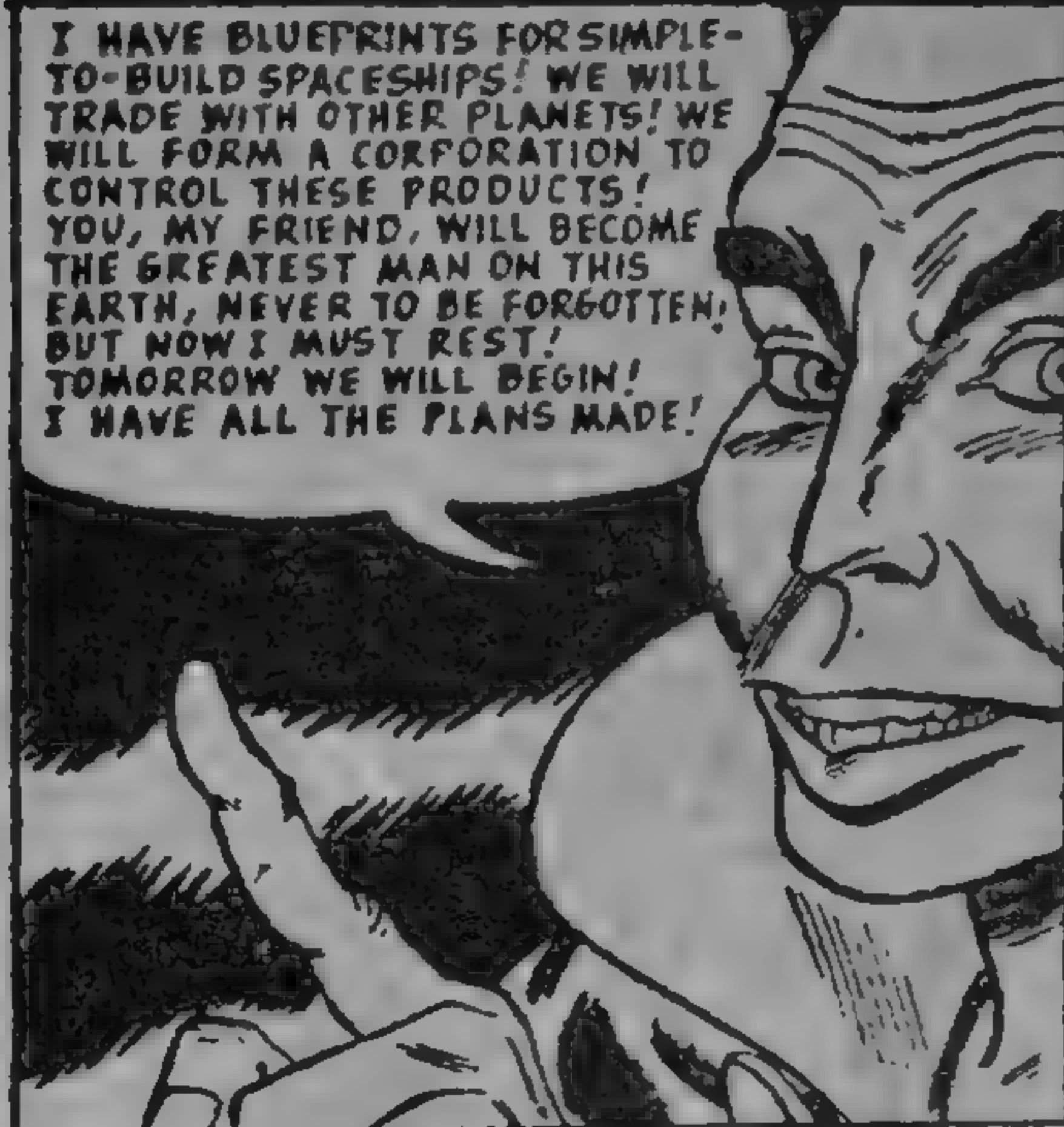
WE HAD A STRANGE ACCENT, NO DOUBT DUE TO CHANGES THAT HAD OCCURRED IN SPEECH FORMS IN FIVE THOUSAND YEARS...IF HIS STORY WAS TRUE!

YOU AND I WILL INFLUENCE THE FUTURE! IN THIS BAG, I HAVE A CHEMICAL WHICH ACTIVATES MUTATIONS IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS, BRINGING TREMENDOUS CROP YIELDS IN A SMALL SPACE, OF SUPER VEGETABLES, FRUITS, AND GROWING TREMENDOUS LIVESTOCK, SUCH AS STEERS THAT ARE ALMOST ALL TENDERLOIN! DO YOU FOLLOW?

I-I! THINK SO!

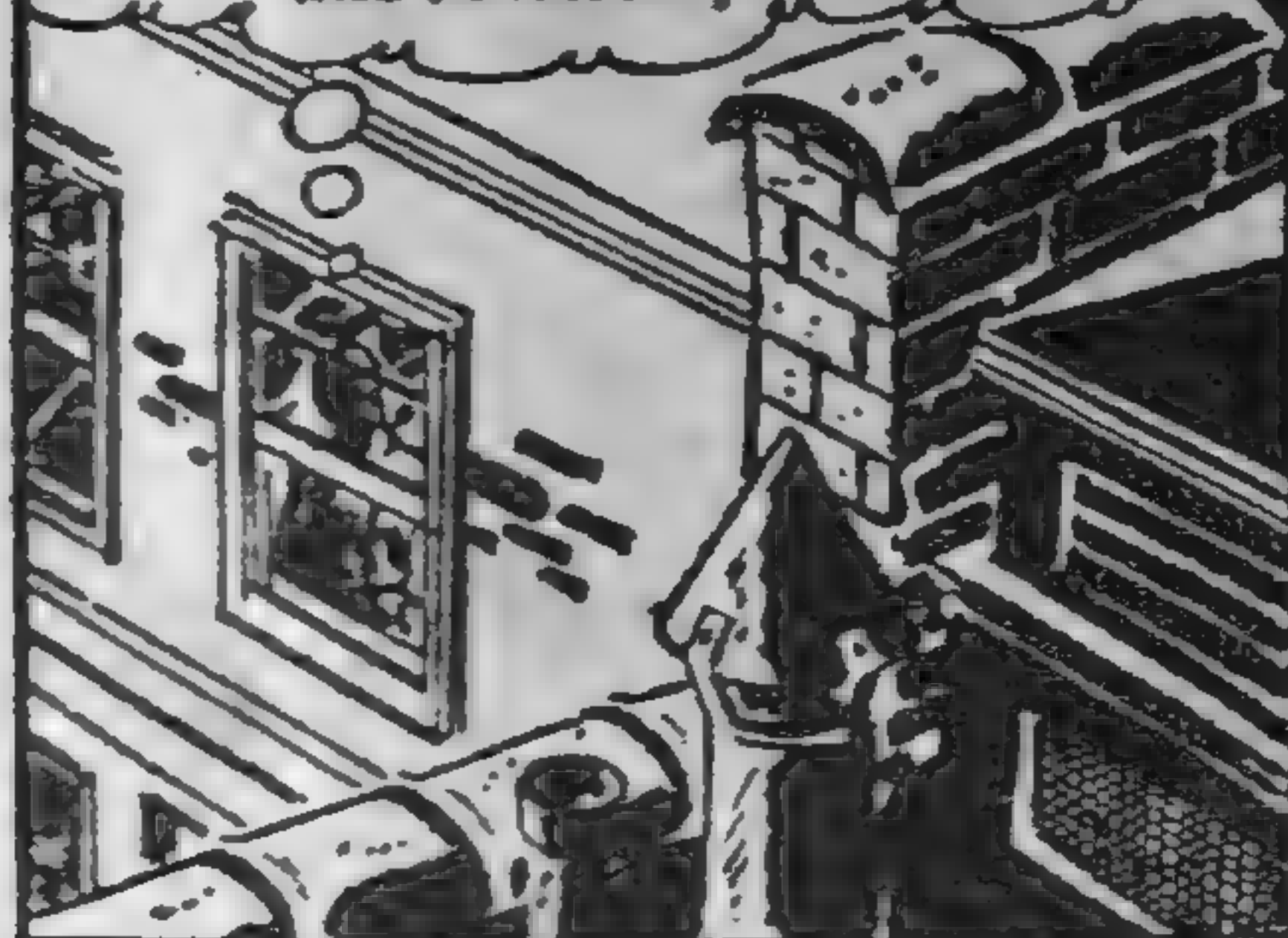


I HAVE BLUEPRINTS FOR SIMPLE-TO-BUILD SPACESHIPS! WE WILL TRADE WITH OTHER PLANETS! WE WILL FORM A CORPORATION TO CONTROL THESE PRODUCTS! YOU, MY FRIEND, WILL BECOME THE GREATEST MAN ON THIS EARTH, NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN! BUT NOW I MUST REST! TOMORROW WE WILL BEGIN! I HAVE ALL THE PLANS MADE!



I GAVE HIM MY BED! HE WAS ASLEEP IMMEDIATELY! DAZED, I WANDERED BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM TO TRY AND DIGEST ALL THIS!

THERE'S NO DOUBT HE IS WHAT HE SAYS! THAT KNOCK ON THE DOOR WAS OPPORTUNITY! NOW I'LL BE SOMEBODY...SOMEBODY BIG, A GREAT BENEFACITOR OF MANKIND WHOSE NAME WILL NEVER DIE!

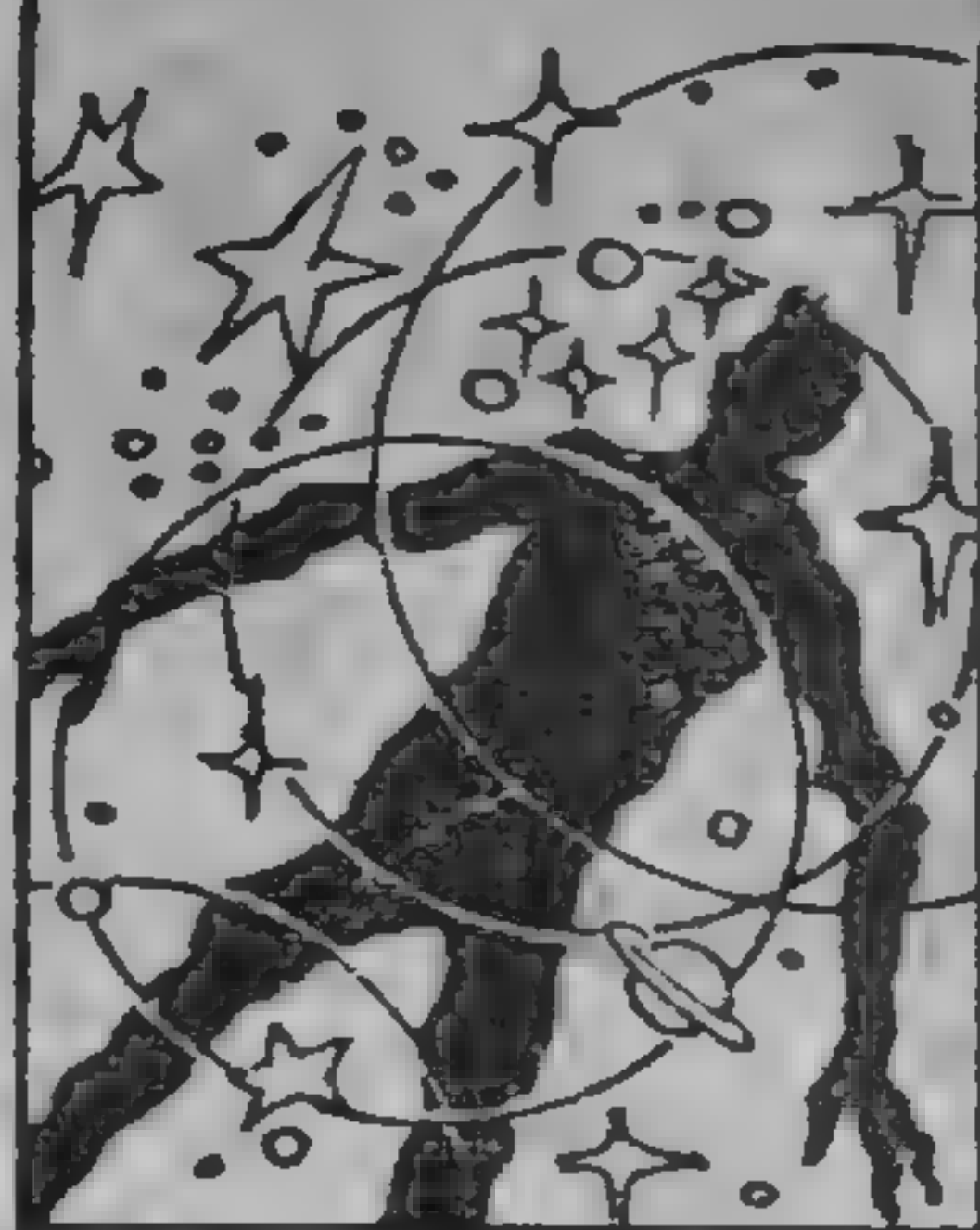


AND SO I DREAMED OF A FUTURE I HAD MADE FOR MANKIND, WITH MY NAME ENGRAVED ON THAT GREAT FUTURE!

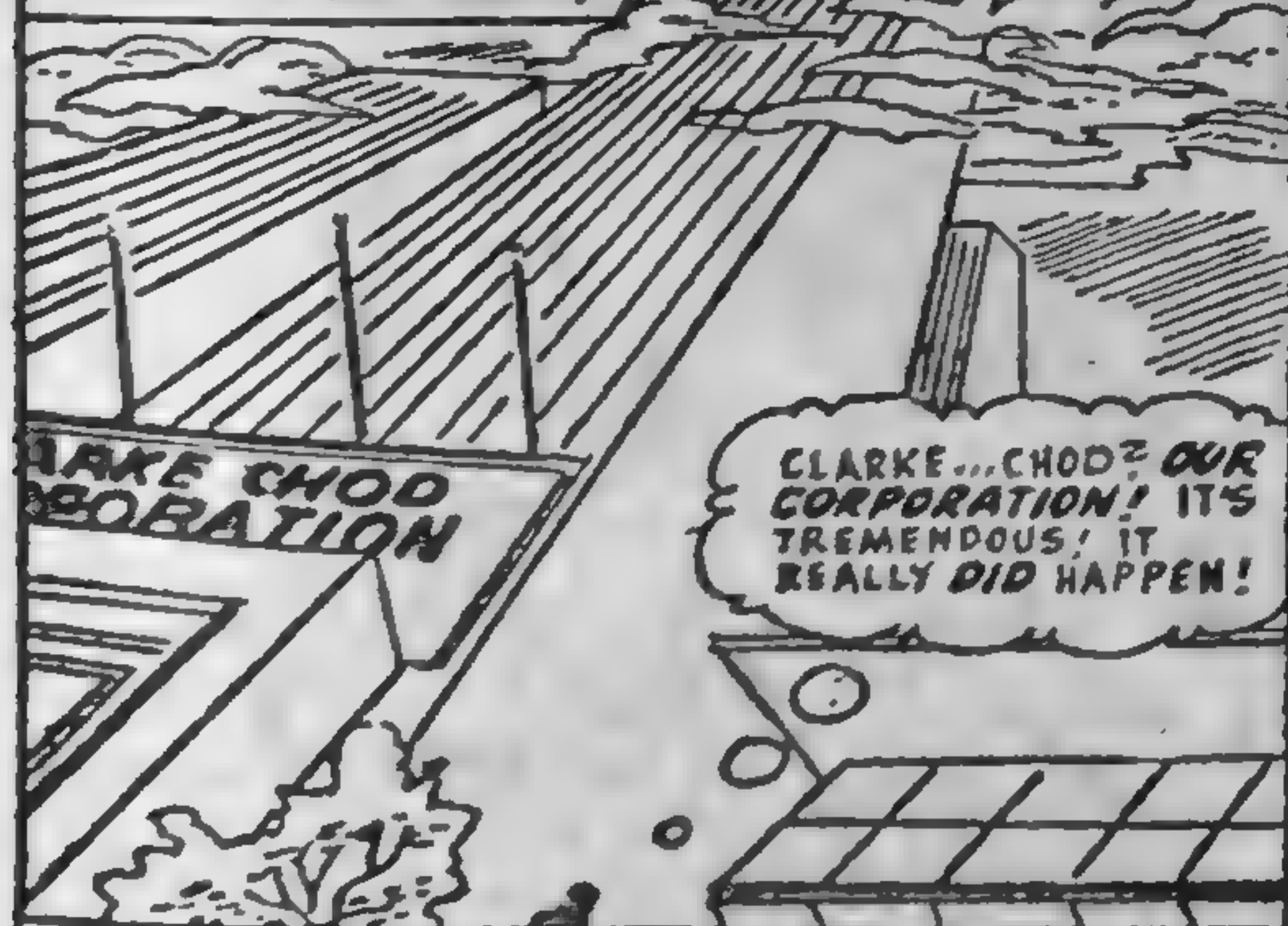
I'LL BORROW HIS DISC, TRAVEL INTO THE FUTURE AND SEE IT FOR MYSELF!



THE DIAL WAS SET FOR HIS RETURN TO HIS OWN TIME! I PRESSED THE TINY BUTTON ON THE SIDE! THE ROOM VANISHED...I SEEMED TO MELT AND FLOAT IN SWIRLING BLACKNESS!



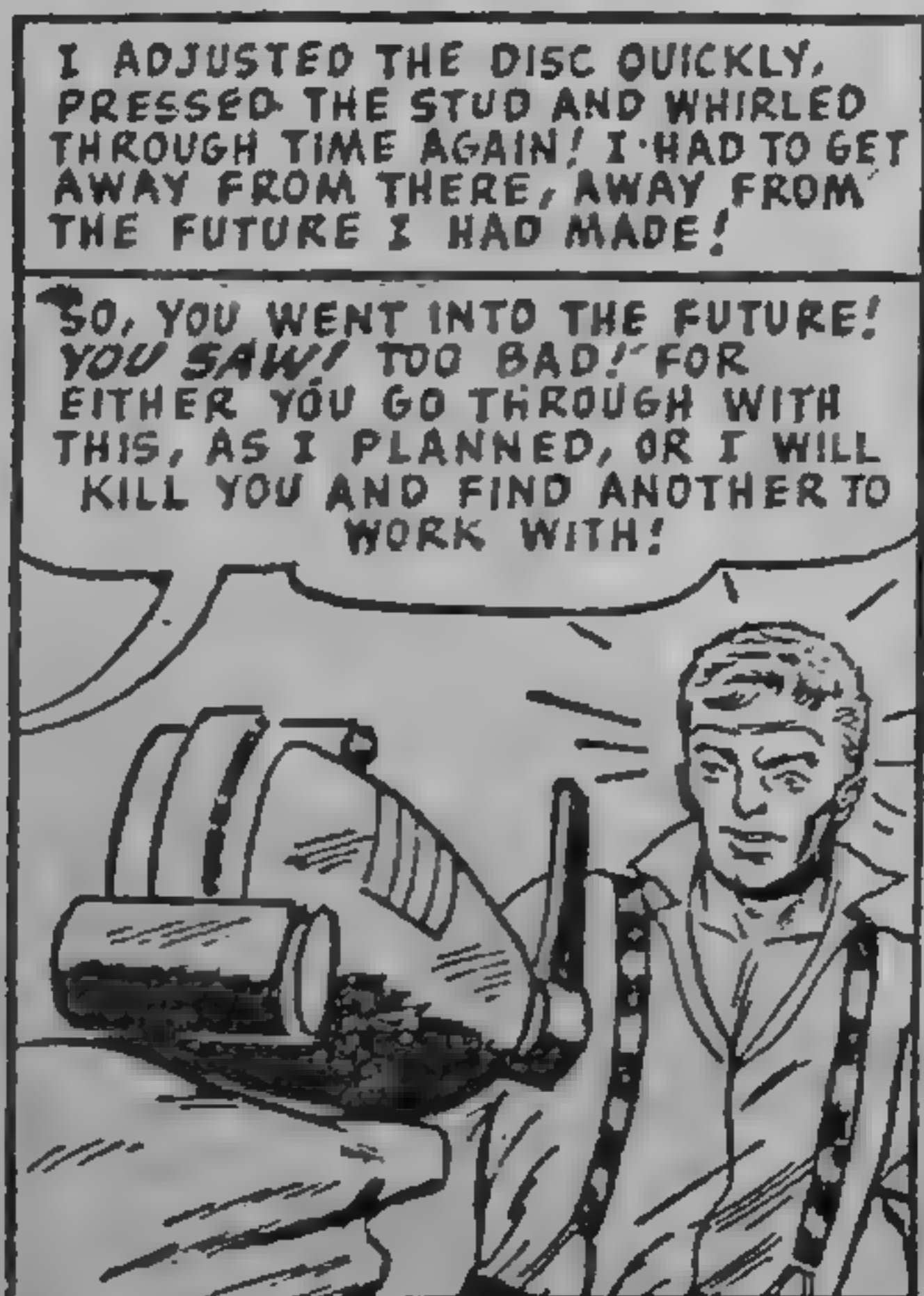
SUDDENLY, I WAS MYSELF AGAIN, STANDING ON A STREET FIVE-THOUSAND YEARS IN THE FUTURE, IN FRONT OF A BUILDING THAT WAS MILES LONG AND SO HIGH, ITS TOP VANISHED IN THE CLOUDS!



CLARKE...CHOD? OUR CORPORATION! IT'S TREMENDOUS! IT REALLY DID HAPPEN!

MY STATUE! FIVE-THOUSAND YEARS AND STILL REMEMBERED! ALL HE SAID IS TRUE!





DR. STRANGE

MASTER
OF THE
MYSTIC ARTS!

THE DILEMMA OF... "THE DEMON'S DISCIPLE!"



HAVING SUCCESSFULLY DEFIED THE POWER OF THE DREAD, DORMAMMU, DR. STRANGE IS GIVEN A MORE POWERFUL AMULET, AND NEW POWERS OF LEVITATION BY THE GRATEFUL ANCIENT ONE... AND THEN, HE BEGINS HIS LONG, METAPHYSICAL JOURNEY HOME--

WRITTEN BY STAN LEE--
UNCHALLENGED MASTER OF
THE DRAMATIC WORD!

DRAWN BY STEVE DITKO--
UNQUESTIONED INNOVATOR OF
THE OCCULT ILLUSTRATION!

LETTERED BY ARTIE SIMEK
UNABASHED PURVEYOR OF
THE CAPTIVATING CAPTION! 11

UNW REACHING HIS DIMLY-LIT GREENWICH VILLAGE RETREAT, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS HAS A CALLER BEFORE HE CAN EVEN REMOVE HIS ENCHANTED CLOAK....!

WHO CAN IT BE AT SUCH AN HOUR?

LET ME IN! LET ME IN!

KNOCK!!
KNOCK!!

MY DOOR IS NEVER BARRED TO THOSE IN NEED OF AID! WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, ANGUISHED

IT'S HIM--THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE DEMON! I WAS HIS DISCIPLE--UNTIL TONIGHT--UNTIL I MANAGED TO ESCAPE!

ONE-- AND HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

I JOINED HIM JUST FOR FUN-- FOR KICKS! I THOUGHT IT WAS A GAG! BUT HE'S SERIOUS! AND HIS POWER IS UNIMAGINABLE! ONLY YOU CAN STOP HIM!

STOP HIM FROM WHAT??

--TRYING TO RULE THE WORLD!

MEANWHILE, IN A LOCKED SUB-CELLAR DEEP WITHIN THE CANYONS OF THE GREAT CITY, THE ONE WHO IS KNOWN ONLY AS THE DEMON EXPLODES INTO A FIT OF ALMOST UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE!

MY DISCIPLE IS GONE!!

THE WITLESS FOOL! DOES HE THINK HE CAN ESCAPE ME?? BY THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM, I COMMAND HIS IMAGE TO APPEAR BEFORE ME!

HE TRIES TO BETRAY ME TO DR. STRANGE! BUT HE IS TOO LATE!

FOR YEARS HAVE I STAYED IN HIDING, INCREASING MY KNOWLEDGE--AND MY POWER--BUT NOW, I NEED HIDE NO LONGER--

NOW, MY POWER IS GREATER THAN THAT OF DR. STRANGE! AND I SHALL PROVE IT BY DEFEATING HIM!

SECONDS LATER...

BY THE TWELVE MOONS OF MUNNAPOR!! THE DISCIPLE HAS VANISHED!

IT MUST BE THE WORK OF-- THE DEMON!



HE HAD COME TO ME FOR AID! I MUST NOT FAIL HIM!

THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOTTO SHALL REVEAL HIS PRESENCE TO ME!



WHAT IS THIS??? THE EYE SHOWS NOTHING!! THERE'S A SINISTER POWER AT WORK HERE-- STRONG ENOUGH TO BLOCK MY OWN SPELLS!

I FEEL THE FORCE THROUGHT THIS CHAMBER-- I AM SEEMINGLY HELPLESS-- WITHIN MY OWN SANCTUM SANCTORUM!!



AND, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

MASTER! WHAT WILL YOU DO TO ME--?

CRAVEN TRAITOR! YOU ARE BENEATH MY CONTEMPT! FOR YOU, THERE IS ONLY ONE FATE--



YOU WILL REMAIN IMPRISONED UNTIL I HAVE DEFEATED DR. STRANGE-- AND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE THERE-- AFTER!! SO, MAY SERAPHIM OPEN THE FLOOR BENEATH YOUR FEET--!!



AND NOW, I DISSOLVE ALL MY SPELLS! LET NOTHING REMAIN TO ALLOW MY ENEMY TO TRACE ME!



I AM SAFE! THERE IS NOTHING MORE HE CAN DO-- SO LONG AS MY SPELLS ARE DISSOLVED-- HIS OWN MYSTIC POWERS CANNOT USE THEM TO DETERMINE MY WHEREABOUTS!



AND SO... THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO IS OPEN AGAIN-- BUT IT SEES NOTHING! THE DEMON HAS DISSOLVED HIS SPELLS! HE THINKS HE HAS OUTSMARTED DR. STRANGE!



SUCH A ONE IS TOO POWERFUL, TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ALLOWED TO MENACE MANKIND UNCHECKED! HE MUST BE FOUND-- HE MUST BE STOPPED!



SO LONG AS HIS ABANDONED GARMENTS REMAIN HERE, THERE IS STILL A WAY TO LOCATE THE VANISHED DISCIPLE!

LET MY AMULET BATHE THE FABRICS IN ITS ENCHANTED GLOW...



AND THEN, THE EMPTY, LIMP, LIFELESS GARMENTS SLOWLY RISE INTO THE AIR, UNDER THE POWERFUL SPELL OF THE SHINING GEM...



SO LONG AS MY POWER REMAINS, I CAN COMPEL THE VESTMENTS OF THE DISCIPLE TO RETRACE THEIR STEPS, LEADING ME TO THE PLACE FROM WHENCE HE CAME!



FOLLOWING THE SILENTLY MOVING CLOTHES, DR. STRANGE USES THE OCCASION TO TEST HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED POWER OF LEVITATION WHICH IS PROVIDED BY HIS MYSTIC CLOAK!



AND THEN, LONG MOMENTS LATER...

AT LAST, I HAVE REACHED MY DESTINATION!



BUT, WITHIN THE SOMBER DWELLING...

MY ENEMY HAS FOUND ME! BUT, HE SHALL LIVE TO REGRET IT!



I CALL UPON THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK TO EN-CIRCLE THE INTRUDER-- IN A TRAP OF DOOM!



CYTTORAK'S CRIMSON BANDS!! ONLY THE MOST ABLE AND PROFICIENT MAGICIANS CAN COMMAND SUCH POWERS!!

THE ONE I FIGHT IS TRULY A MIGHTY FOE - A MOST DANGEROUS ADVERSARY!

HOW EASY IT WAS! WITHIN THE SPACE OF ONE MERE MOMENT, I HAVE TRAPPED THE RENOWNED DR. STRANGE!

HOW EASY IT WAS! WITHIN THE SPACE OF ONE MERE MOMENT, I HAVE TRAPPED THE RENOWNED DR. STRANGE!

SURELY MY POWER IS EVEN GREATER THAN I SUSPECTED!

AND NOW, MY NEXT INCANTATION SHALL REMOVE YOU FROM THIS MORTAL SPHERE FOREVER--WHILE THE DEMON REMAINS, TO RULE HIS FELLOW BEINGS-- UNCHALLENGED!

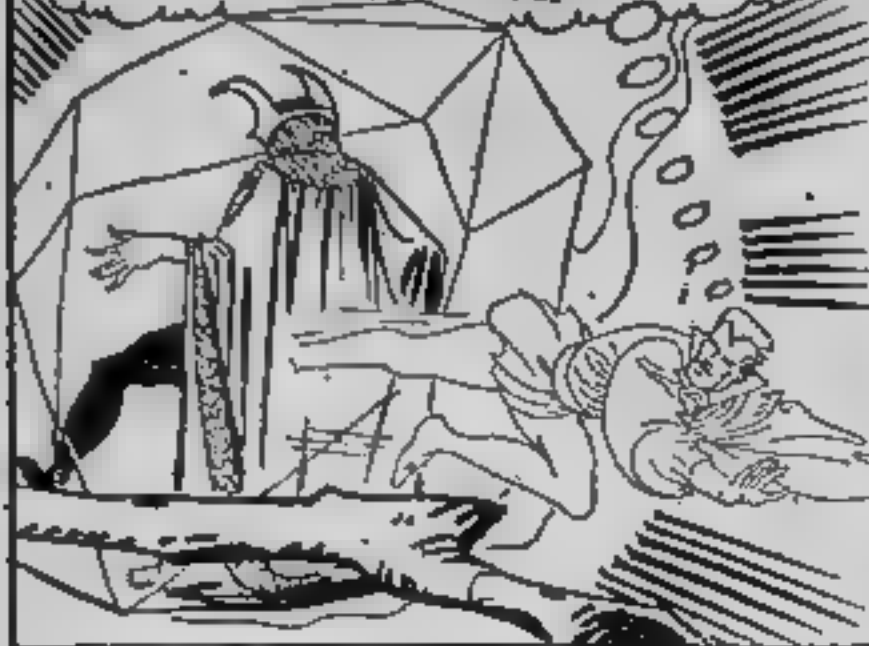
HEAR MY WORDS, POWER OF DARKNESS!! LET ALL THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH ASSEMBLE--!

AND, UPON MY COMMAND, LET THE ONE CALLED DR. STRANGE EXIST NO MORE!

NO! IT CANNOT BE!

STILL YOU REMAIN-- UNTOUCHED-- UNHARMED! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

THE DEMON IS SO OVER-CONFIDENT-- SO OBSESSED WITH HIS OWN POWER-- THAT HE DIDN'T SUSPECT I HAD SLIPPED AWAY BEFORE THE CRIMSON RINGS COULD FULLY CLOSE!



ALL I NEED ARE A FEW UNINTERRUPTED MINUTES-- TO ALLOW ME TO STUDY HIS PAPERS-- SCAN HIS NOTES AND FORMULAE--



AHHH, NOW IT BECOMES CLEAR TO ME! ONCE I KNOW WHICH SPELLS HE HAS MASTERED, WHICH MYSTIC BOOKS HE HAS STUDIED, I SHALL KNOW HOW TO COMBAT HIM!



AND ALL THAT WHILE, THE DEMON CONTINUES TO BATTLE A FIGURE WHO EXISTS MERELY IN HIS IMAGINATION!!



NOW TO RETURN TO THE IMAGINARY VISION-IMAGE I HAVE LEFT TO OCCUPY MY SINISTER FOE!

NOW, DEMON, YOU SHALL LEARN WHO IS TRULY THE MASTER--!!



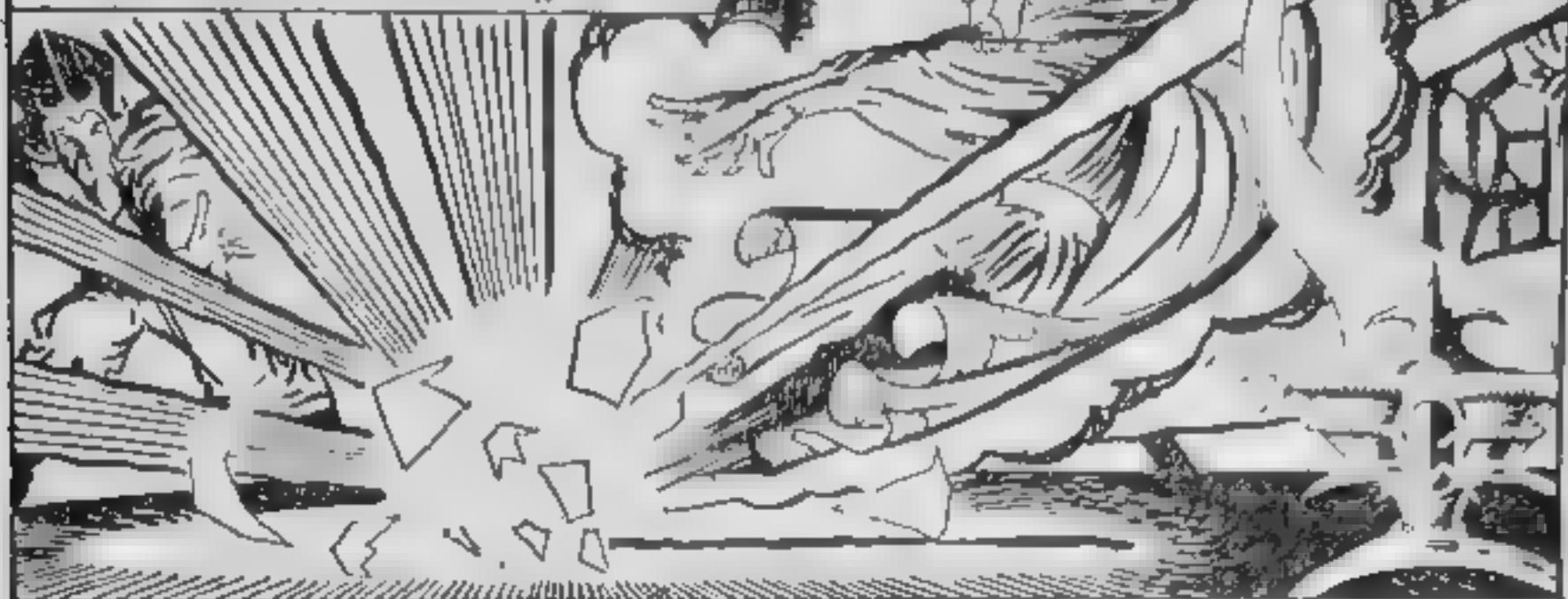
I HAVE GIVEN YOU TIME ENOUGH TO REALIZE THE INEFFECTIVENESS OF YOUR SPELLS--!



BUT IS TIME FOR YOU TO LEARN THE AWESOME POWER OF MINE!! PREPARE YOURSELF, EVIL ONE--!!



THEN, WITH A BLINDING, NERVE SHATTERING, EAR-SPLITTING BLAST, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS BREAKS FREE OF THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK!!



BAH!! YOU CANNOT DEFEAT MY NATURAL POWER WITH MERE TRICKERY! I SHALL TRIUMPH OVER YOU YET!



I MUST BE VICTORIOUS-- FOR IT IS MY DESTINY TO RULE THE EARTH!!

NEVER! NOT SO LONG AS DR. STRANGE STILL LIVES!!



AND THAT IS WHY DR. STRANGE MUST DIE-- BY THE POWER OF THE DEMON!

LET THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM AGAIN ENFOLD YOU--!!



THE SINISTER SERAPHIM HOLD NO TERRORS FOR ME, DEMON! NOT SO LONG AS THE POWERS OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI ARE MINE TO COMMAND!!



I HAVE STUDIED TOO HARD
--LABORED TOO LONG--
PLEGGED MYSELF TO THE
FORCES OF DARKNESS!

YOU CANNOT FOIL
MY PLANS--YOU
CANNOT RESIST ME!



YOU ARE WRONG, SORCERER!! I CAN
RESIST YOU! I MUST! FOR I, TOO,
HAVE LABORED LONG--AND I HAVE
PLEGGED MY LIFE TO COMBATTING
SUCH AS YOU!



ON AND ON CONTINUES THE SUPERNATURAL
STRUGGLE--WITH NO QUARTER ASKED--OR
GIVEN! SPELLS ARE HURLED WITH BLINDING FORCE
--AND REPELLED BY EVEN STRONGER COUNTER-
SPELLS, UNTIL--

HE HAS SURVIVED MY
EVERY SPELL! IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH
HE KNOWS WHICH DARK
POWERS I AM THE
MASTER OF!



BUT, EVEN AS WE BATTLE, I CAN SENSE
HIS WEAKNESS--HE WISHES TO HARM
NO ONE--NOT EVEN AN ENEMY SUCH AS
I! HE STILL DOES NOT USE HIS POWER
TO ITS FULLEST!



THEREFORE, I SHALL
TRY ONE LAST UNEXPECTED
MEASURE--I'LL HURL
ALL MY POWER AT HIM,
IN ONE FELL SWOOP!



LET THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADOR
CIRCLE AROUND ME!! LET THE SHADES
OF THE SERAPHIM COME FORTH ONCE
MORE! LET ALL THE POWERS OF DARK-
NESS LASH OUT--OUT--OUT--!!





DEMON, YOU HAVE MISTAKEN MY COMPASSION FOR WEAKNESS! YOU SHALL NEVER AGAIN MAKE SUCH AN ERROR!!

MY WRATH IS AS GREAT AS YOURS--

AND MY SPELLS ARE AS SHATTERING--AS YOU SHALL SEE!

AGAIN I HAVE FAILED! HE HAS CREATED A FORCE FIELD OF MYSTIC ELEMENTS WHICH TURN ASIDE MY DESTRUCTIVE BOLTS!!



YOUR SPELLS WERE BORN OF DARKNESS--CREATED IN THE SHADOWS OF EVIL--



SHADOWS WHICH THE LIGHT OF MY AMULET SHALL SWEEP AWAY--



--FOR, THE EVIL POWER OF DARKNESS CANNOT SURVIVE THE PIERCING LIGHT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS--A LIGHT WHICH GROWS EVER BRIGHTER--EVER STRONGER--!



--UNTIL IT HAS SWALLOWED UP YOUR SINISTER SPELLS AND TURNED THEM INTO THE NOTHINGNESS WHICH IS THEIR DESTINY!!



AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN WHICH OF US IS TRULY THE STRONGER, I ORDER YOU TO TAKE ME TO YOUR DISCIPLE! HE MAY SERVE YOU NO LONGER!

YOU DARE ORDER ME??! I'M NOT BEATEN YET!!

SUDDENLY, AT A WHISPERED COMMAND FROM THE DESPERATE DEMON, A TRAPDOOR OPENS BENEATH THE MYSTERIOUS ENCHANTER'S FEET--

NOW YOU SHALL JOIN THE ONE YOU SEEK--FOREVER!



NOT SO, DEMON!! NOT WHILE MY CLOAK GIVES ME THE POWER OF LEVITATION--AND WHILE THE HOSTS OF THE VISHANTI CAN REACH OUT TO STOP YOUR FLIGHT!

I CANNOT MOVE! I'M TRAPPED!



LET YOUR BODY GROW LIMP, HELPLESS DISCIPLE! TRUST IN DR. STRANGE!

I SHALL LIFT YOU FROM YOUR CELL BY MENTAL COMMAND--YOU SHALL BE CAPTIVE NO LONGER!

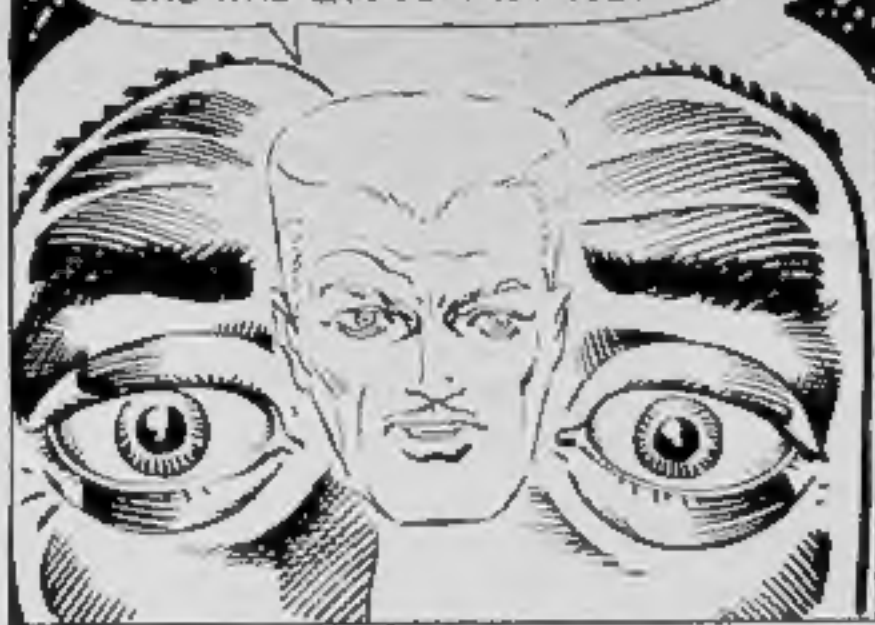


THEN, WITH THE CAPTIVE RESCUED, DR. STRANGE AGAIN FACES THE DEFEATED ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE DEMON...

ONLY THE POWER OF A MYSTIC TRANCE CAN END YOUR MENACE! THUS, IN THE NAME OF THE MOST REVERED ANCIENT ONE, I PLACE A VEIL OVER YOUR MIND AND BRAIN...



IN TIME, THE VEIL SHALL BE LIFTED--AND YOU WILL REMEMBER THIS DAY--YOU WILL REMEMBER YOUR DEFEAT! YOU WILL KNOW THERE IS ALWAYS ONE WHO CAN DESTROY YOU!



THEREFORE, YOU MUST RENOUNCE THE MYSTIC ARTS WHEN YOU AWAKE! FOR, IF YOU DO NOT, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!!

AS FOR YOU, FOOLISH ONE--YOU ARE HIS DISCIPLE NO LONGER! I BID YOU LEAVE--AND NEVER LOOK BACK!



YOU HAVE WITNESSED BUT ONE OF THE COUNTLESS SAGAS OF DR. STRANGE!



--AND, IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING AGAMOTTO--BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADOR--WE URGE YOU TO BE WITH US AGAIN! TAMAM SHUD!

THE END

*COMPANION
COMICS IN
THIS SERIES*

AVAILABLE MONTHLY

★

SUSPENSE

★

SINISTER TALES

★

CREEPY WORLDS

★

SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN

★

UNCANNY TALES

★

ASTOUNDING STORIES

★

OUT OF THIS WORLD

★

WEIRD PLANETS

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW